WEEK ENDING DEC. 31, 1927

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Calendar·1928

January

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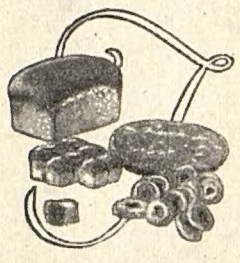
-a Successful Six

Will soon bid for Even Greater Success

See Further Details Next Week

Thousands of Housewives

...give Reasons WHY they find it to their advantage to buy and Serve the Products of the Baker

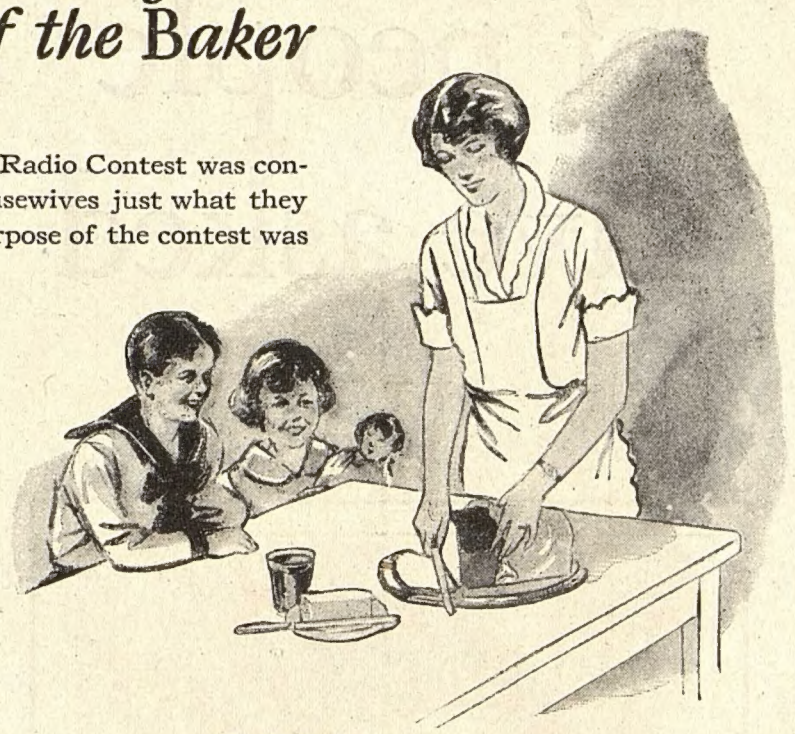


THE Bakers' Gold Medal Flour Radio Contest was conducted to find out from housewives just what they want from bakeries. The purpose of the contest was to increase the sale of bakery products and thus improve economic conditions and the health of the nation.

Ten thousand dollars have been distributed as prizes for the best sets of reasons why housewives find it to their advantage to buy and serve the products of the bakery.

An avalanche of entries from women in every state in the Union and from many foreign countries confirmed wide-spread interest.

The results are enlightening and detailed information is available to bakers through the Gold Medal Flour organization.



$10,000 WORTH OF REASONS

The five fundamental reasons why housewives buy and serve the products of the baker that were given by the greatest number are printed below in the order of their popularity.

1. SAVES TIME AND ENERGY. Releases the housewife for more important duties or pleasures.
2. ECONOMY. Saves actual cash to the family budget, considering labor, materials, baking failures and waste, caused by baking more than is needed.
3. SUPERIOR QUALITY OF INGREDIENTS. The same brands as used in the kitchen coupled with expert baking create complete confidence.
4. CONVENIENCE OF SUPPLY. Widespread distribution through baker and grocer delivery service and the neighborhood locations of retail bake shops provide for every day needs or for unexpected guests.
5. NUTRITION AND HEALTH. Food values scientifically applied for the direct benefit of the consumer.

JUDGES

All awards of prizes were made by four nationally known judges—Henry Stude, president of the American Bakers Association; U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland; Michael Hoffman, president Associated Bakers of America; and Mrs. Alice A. Winter, former national president of the Federation of Women's Clubs. The judges convened at Minneapolis November 14, 1927.

Winners

$10,000 BAKERS' GOLD MEDAL FLOUR RADIO CONTEST

$5,000 PRIZE WINNER
Mrs. F. W. Griffiths, Puyallup, Washington

$1,000 PRIZE WINNER
Pearl Hinshaw, Windfall, Indiana

$500 PRIZE WINNER
Mrs. P. D. Gibson, Rosslyn, Virginia

$100 WINNERS

Mildred T. Egan, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Fred Gore, Modesto, Calif.; Mrs. Mae E. Hansen, Portland, Oregon; Virginia Hawkins, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Claude Horkey, Hanover, Wis.; Mrs. Darel J. McKinney, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. G. W. Olney, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Ralph H. Spinney, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. C. M. Stevenson, Palo Alto, Calif.; Miss Bobbie B. Weyler, Fairmount, Ind.

$50 WINNERS

Mrs. W. A. Butler, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Jack Cogan, Mitchell, S. D.; Mrs. John J. Connor, Erie, Pa.; Kate S. Curtis, Rockford, Wash.; Mrs. Walter Drane, Sherman, Texas; Elizabeth Gilbert, McKees Rocks, Pa.; Mrs. Thos. C. Heppenstall, Longview, Wash.; Mrs. H. F. Johnson, Nelson, Minn.; Norma Kussell Jones, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Horace D. Koehler, Quincy, Ill.; Mrs. F. M. Miller, Greencastle, Pa.; Elsie Moore, Danville, Pa.; Mrs. Marion C. Murphy, Jersey City, N. J.; Myrtle Petts, Whittaker, Mich.; Mrs. Jas. C. Rainwater, Fayetteville, Ark.; Mrs. W. S. Reitzell, Erie, Pa.; Clara Rynder, Aberdeen, S. D.; Mrs. Jessie H. Shaw, Bethesda, Md.; Aquina G. Shea, Glyndon, Minn.; Mrs. C. W. Yetter, Youngstown, O.

$10 WINNERS

Miss Jackie Adams, San Francisco, Calif.; Merle Anderson, Glenwood, Minn.; Mrs. E. O. Angove, Canton, O.; Mrs. John Bates, Grove City, Pa.; Millie H. Beecher, Mason City, Ia.; Mrs. Fred J. Bliss, Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. J. E. Bloomquist, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Wallace W. Boers, Bedford, O.; Mrs. John E. Broderick, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Iloe Buck, Hebron, Ind.; Mrs. Rae McLeod Burgess, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. M. Burnett, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gail B. Butterfield, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. Jessie N. Cahoon, Clifton Forge, Va.; Mrs. C. T. G. Carlson, Rhinelander, Wis.; Elva C. Clark, East Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. Mildred Claunch, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Adele L. Clement, Longmeadow, Mass.; Mrs. Cleora Colt, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. J. S. Conkling, Muscatine, Ia.; Mrs. Elizabeth Constable, San Francisco, Calif.; Kathleen M. Cooper, Kokomo, Ind.; Mrs. Josephine H. Copher, Fort Worth, Texas; Mrs. P. S. Cottier, Lakewood, O.; Mrs. Edna Riggs Crabtree, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Alice Croft, Chamberlain, S. D.; Mrs. C. W. Danforth, Geneva, O.; Iva M. Daniels, Fredericksburg, Va.; Mrs. F. V. Davidson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Wm. A. Davis, Haddon Heights, N. J.; Mrs. F. W. Dunbar, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Lettie L. Dunning, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. H. B. Eden, Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. L. B. Elefson, Casselton, N. D.; Mrs. Arthur Fisher, Leavenworth, Kans.; Mrs. A. G. Flagstad, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. W. H. Fleming, Ellendale, N. D.; Nellie McF. Foster, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Frank R. Freese, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.; Mrs. J. A. Frogner, Willmar, Minn.; Mrs. Grace S. Gilman, Wollaston, Mass.; Mrs. W. J. Goehausen, Webster Groves, Mo.; Mrs. Gail Greene, Lakewood, O.; Mrs. Sidney A. Gunlefinger, Warren, O.; Mrs. Lynn Hall, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. W. E. Hayghe, Washington, D. C.; Mary E. Henderson, Phoenix, Ariz.; Mrs. C. S. Hoekstra, Wood River, Nebr.; Mrs. W. E. Hoffman, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Ruth Humphrey, Silvis, Ill.; Mrs. Kathryn M. Hunter, Wawawai, Wash.; Mrs. Jas. L. Kelly, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. B. J. Kinnison, Columbus, O.; Mrs. W. C. Klein, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. John Lindblad, Prescott, Wis.; Mrs. L. W. Linner, Stillwater, Minn.; Mrs. T. D. Lipscomb, Maricopa, Ariz.; Mrs. W. M. Lorenz, Klamath Falls, Ore.; Mrs. Wm. A. Lucker, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Thos. B. McArthur, Norwood, O.; Mrs. R. V. Maier, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Susan Mallison, Washington, D. C.; Grace M. Marsland, Montpelier, Ind.; Majorie C. Martinson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. H. F. Masters, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Dudley B. Mattice, Slingerlands, N. Y.; Mrs. Ralph E. Meader, Albany, N. Y.; Ida M. Moline, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Ida E. Morey, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Edna Northrop, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. A. R. Olstad, Virginia, Minn.; Mrs. Helen P. Parmenter, Youngstown, O.; Mrs. L. W. Paul, Ilwaco, Wash.; Mrs. Frank Pavek, Hopkins, Minn.; Mrs. O. Peterson, Minneapolis, Minn.; A. E. Rice, Pensacola, Fla.; Ruth M. Ritchie, Charlottesville, Va.; Dorothy L. Roberts, Cleveland, O.; Bessie W. Robinson, North Adams, Mass.; Mrs. M. H. Rogers, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Libbie P. Rowland, Eagle, Mich.; Mrs. Charles D. Sayle, Lakewood, O.; Mrs. Walter Schilpp, Lakewood, O.; Agnes Scott, Colfax, Pa.; Mrs. J. M. Scott, Sewanee, Tenn.; Mrs. John W. Scott, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. H. L. Secord, Milwaukee, Wis.; Margaret Sieger, Mt. Oliver, Pa.; Mrs. A. L. Simmons, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Seattle, Wash.; Kittie B. Stiles, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Mrs. E. M. Stingle, Evansville, Ind.; Mrs. Clarence M. Swallow, Albany, Texas; Mrs. C. R. Swanson, Kasota, Minn.; Mrs. Laura Tallman, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. John C. Taylor, East Lansing, Mich.; Etta Upp, Mt. Pulaski, Ill.; Mrs. T. P. Walker, St. Tynace, Mich.; Mrs. J. B. Warren, Millbrook, Ala.; Mrs. Ella J. Weeks, Bridgeton, N. J.

$5.00 WINNERS

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To be sure of the same Satisfying Products every day, patronize Bakers who use Gold Medal Flour and other high quality ingredients

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

Mills at

Minneapolis, Buffalo, Kansas City, Chicago, Louisville, Great Falls, Kalispell, Ogden, Pasco

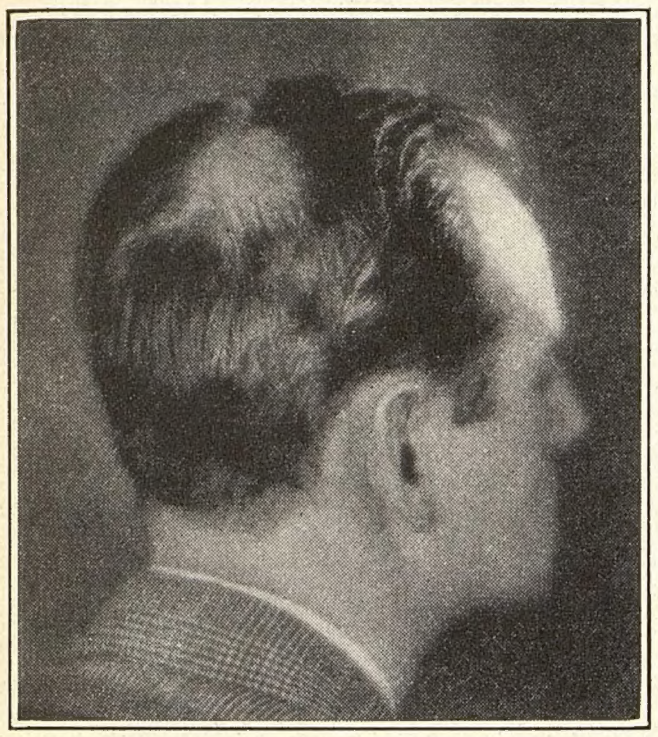
Eventually

WHY NOT NOW?

MILLED FOR PERFORMANCE---NOT PRICE

Here are answers to 3 questions

thousands of people have asked us



What to do for falling hair

Every other night part the hair and rub a very little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic into the scalp with the finger tips. If care is taken to apply the tonic directly to the scalp, it will not leave the hair oily. Massage well, using a rotary motion, beginning at the back of the neck, back of the ears and the temples, and gradually work up to the crown of the head. This increases the circulation, and furnishes valuable mechanical stimulation to the scalp. Brush the hair vigorously night and morning to remove the loose hairs, and give the new ones a chance to grow. Shampoo weekly and be sure to use a pure, mild soap, rinse carefully and rub until entirely dry.

What to do for dry hair

Give the scalp a massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic twice a week and shampoo every fortnight. Before the shampoo, apply a generous amount of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to the scalp, and massage well. This increases the circulation, and prepares it for a good cleansing. Each morning rub a very small amount of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic between the palms of the hands, and apply to the hair. Brush vigorously. This gives life and lustre and sheen to the hair. Both men and women should follow this method. Women with long hair that is dry and brittle or has a tendency to split ends should apply a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to the ends with the palms of the hands and brush well.

What to do for dandruff

No sure cure for dandruff has yet been discovered by the medical profession. But a "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment before the shampoo will help to promote the health of hair and scalp. Apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp with a wad of absorbent cotton and massage well. Allow the tonic to remain in the head overnight and shampoo the next morning with a good soap. If it is found impracticable to leave the tonic on the head overnight, try this treatment: Apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic as directed, then steam the head for fifteen or twenty minutes by wrapping it in towels that have been wrung out in hot water. Shampoo and rub dry.

FREE
TRIAL SAMPLE

Send this coupon today, and try "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at our expense. Just fill in your name and address and send to

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
Dept. L 12-31
17 State Street, New York

Name _____
(Please print name)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic has all the strength-restoring, beauty-preserving qualities of a product famous for 50 years for hair treatment. On sale at all druggists.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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DEC. 31, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 4
No. 35

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

BIRTHDAY

This week we celebrate the birthday of Jesus Christ.

For the last fifteen centuries our civilization has been "Christian." We have not, on the whole, been able or willing to do as the Founder did, or to obey very well the precepts of His disciples. But the ideals which mothers have taught their children have been generally Christian, and they are the basic ideals of our part of the world.

Man's reach ever exceeds his grasp. We have reached toward the ideals of Christ, even though we never could grasp them.

Christianity has been losing ground of late. When the Bolsheviks took Russia, they took 130,000,000 people and one-sixth of the earth's surface. This had been Greek Catholic territory: that is, its official religion was Christianity. Now in Russia the official religion is atheism.

To the south of us is Mexico, with 15,000,000 people and three-quarters of a million square miles of land. This country is now governed by Plutarco Elias Calles. Judged by his actions, he is a convert to Bolshevism, and an ardent one.

Startling documents recently printed by W. R. Hearst indicate that Calles has sent gold to Moscow, gold to finance communist schools in Mexico, gold to the Chinese adherents of Bolshevism, gold to the liberal ("red") part of Nicaragua. He sent $100,000 to the striking British coal miners "as a secret aid contributed by the Government of Mexico to the maintenance of the ideals of the proletariat."

He has also done what he could to drive the Roman Catholic religion out of Mexico, and he has been able to do a good deal. For it he is substituting atheism of the Moscow brand.

With the atheists ascendant in Russia and Mexico now, it may be remembered that the Christians once held the Holy Land, northern Africa, and Constantinople, and that a powerful Christian organization once extended throughout Persia and central Asia, and into India. Christianity is not gaining territorially. It is contracting.

Nor is it becoming more vital within Christian countries.

We all have seen how the "pink" doctrines are spreading in the United States and in Europe. Pink and red writers, some of them very clever, are doing what they can to destroy the old ideals.

The effect is plain enough in the younger generation. Not only are our sons and daughters wild in manners and morals. Those who go in for heavy thinking are apt to take a loud pride in atheism, in a single standard of immorality, in pacifism—except should the war be within the boundaries of one's own country. Then, to the barricades for the revolution!

Under Christian ideals our part of the world has traveled the path from the fourth century, when pagan Rome was rotting itself to death, to what we call our modern civilization.

Christian people in general have believed in private property, personal chastity, the family unit, patriotism, churchgoing. Holding these ideals, though ever falling short of them, we have come a long way down through the years.

Now communism, triumphant in Russia and apparently in Mexico, is likewise a religion. Its adherents are as truly sincere in their devotion to their creed as were the early Christians.

As a religion it is the opposite of what we know as Christianity. It does not believe in private property, nationalism, the family unit, churchgoing. It says "religion is the opium of the people" and must be destroyed.

We do not profess to know which system will be dominant in 3000 A. D., nor, for that matter, in 2027. But we think it is clear that those who believe in the Christian system would better study what is going on, and if possible devote less time to quarreling among themselves and more to closing up their ranks against the enemy at the gates.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

RUDYARD KIPLING, among the colors, contrasts, and harmonies of Rio de Janeiro, found the inspiration for both poetry and prose that makes RIO, his latest contribution, a rare treat and a notable addition to the works of this universally favorite author.

THE END OF EILEEN GRANT, a short story by WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF, proves to every lover the futility of trying to match false pride against heart's desire.

Does the weather make the breaks for a sports champion, or does a real topnotcher use the weather to his advantage? This question is answered by notable examples in an engaging article by JOHN R. TUNIS, entitled IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN.

ANGEL-FACE, a short story by ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, recounts the humorous-sorrowful plight of a war bird who couldn't get what he wanted when he wanted it, and then didn't want it when he could.

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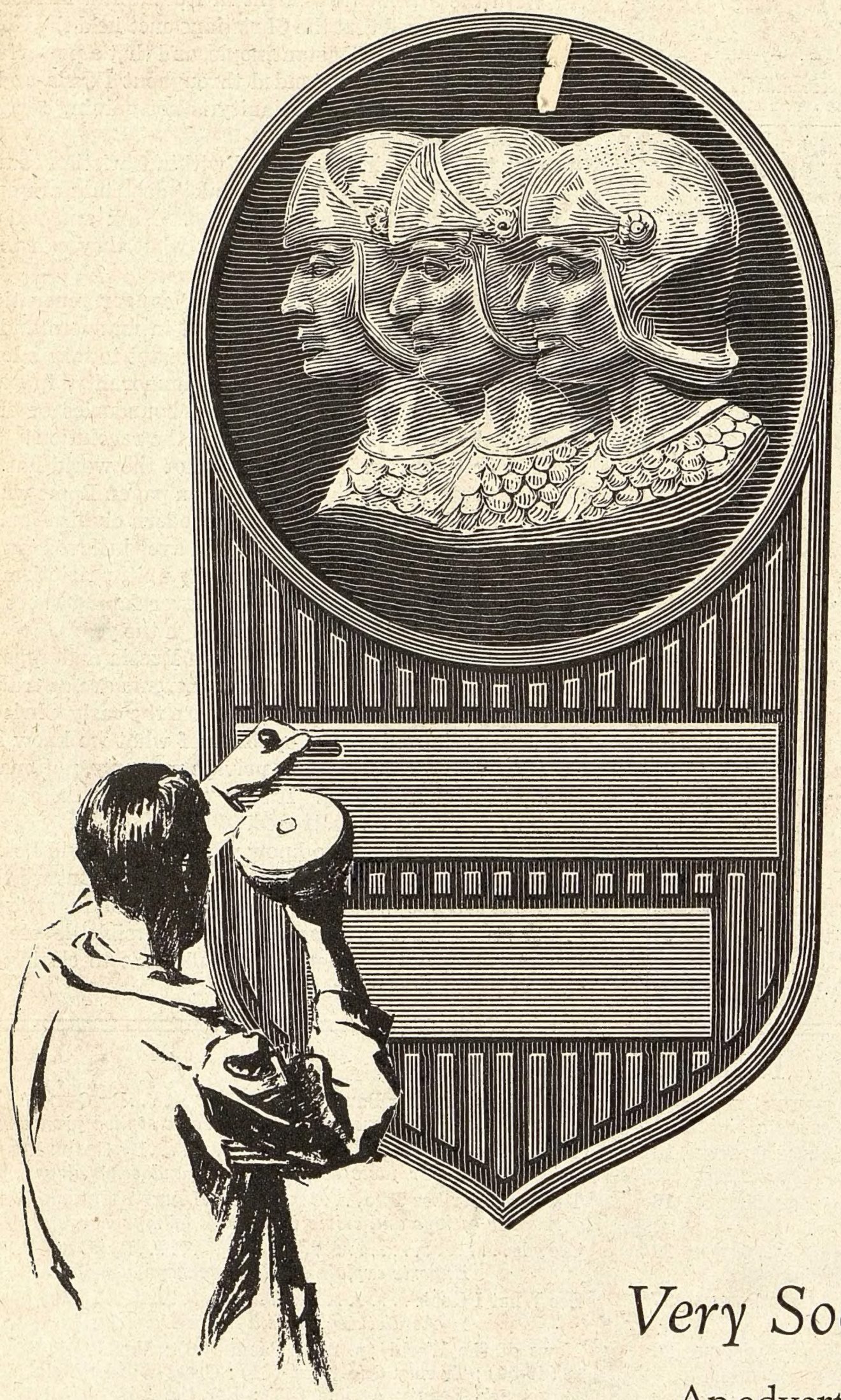


Very Soon—

An advertisement of more than ordinary interest to the public and the automobile trade will appear in this and other publications.

Detroit, Michigan
December 31, 1927

The Laura LIE

Proving that Two Wrongs Sometimes Make a Right

A Short Story by
VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

(Reading time: 20 minutes 30 seconds.)

TALK about quincidences! Why, the way I met this Ann Westridge in the first place was a quincidence—like I was destitute to help her out with her troubles!

It was while I was out tryin' to acquire a little polish—in a manicure parlor—(can y'imagine *me,* Tessie Gavin that was, with time hangin' that heavy on my finger nails?)—and we both hadda wait and we started in talkin'.

I couldn' help from takin' to her right away, with her big eyes as round and trustin' as a coupla fried eggs, and this sorta *re*-fined gold hair, not fourteen carrot like mine. Gee, she was the King's asparagrass.

And she took to me, too, right off; and by the time we walked outa the shop together and down Michigan, she was rollin' down her garters and wadin' into the story of her life. I'm use to that. When I use to make cash in the Cafeteera, I was awways givin' advice, which is cernly more a blessing than to receive it.

Right off I felt a bound of sympathy for that kid.

"That feller Task cernly oughta be strung up and quartered," I says. "Not to mention havin' his teeth drilled."

Looka—Ann was an actress, but she managed to save up enough to go home for Thanksgivin', somewheres out in Barnsdale, Indiana, and gee, she found her folks like a reg'lar mellow drammer—with hardly a roof over their heads, the one they had bein' fulla mortagages and other leaks.

It seems this feller P. Montaneye Task was an old Barnsdale boy that made a big success as a lawyer and politician in Tchicago, and then goes home to Barnsdale and puts the wasp on all the poor gazasbos that use to know him when he was a mere lad, sayin' he was gonna invest it for them and make them all rich. You know, the old len'il soop.

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ANN was waitin' for me in the Museem, and when we swopped coats she cernly looked like a million dollars out huntin' kewpons.

Well, Ann's folks was among the two-minute eggs. They kicked in with their life savin's—about $10,000. And that was practic'ly Pa Westridge's last kick, because he was took down with defamatory rheumatism. So they tried to call in their money, but all they ever got back was the echo. Ole P. M. never even answered their letters.

Ann, havin' drained the reservore to get home, couldn' make no big butter-and-egg noise, but she promised to stop off at Tchi and make this feller Task unbuckle. But, gee! she couldn' get no nearer to him than a lead nickel to a cupa coffee. They wouldn' even leave her inside the gratin'.

"I'm gonna try once more," she says to me,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LAURA LIE Continued from Page Seven]

"and if he won't see me I'm gonna wait outside and shoot him, sure."

"Ain't that the 20th Censhury Limited?" I says to Sandy, who was back in the hotel room when we got there, after squarin' up for all the appointments he missed accounta tyin' the martial knot with me, by promisin' to stick around and give another letcher nex' week. "Ain't there no way of makin' a boa constructor like that cough up, even if you ain't got no proofs?"

"I spoke to a lawyer," says Ann, in her nice chawclate ice-cream voice that makes you wanna eat her up, "and he told me I had no case at all. But he said there was a jeweler out here named Marcus Kronin that was such a bitter enemy of Task's that he'd get after him just for spite."

"Well," I says, "why don' we get ahold of this baby Kronin?"

"Because our arms aren't long enough," says Ann. "He's in Europe and not expected back for some time."

"It's just as well," says Sandy. "I know Kronin or Task would go to any len'ths to get some'm on each other, but who'd wanna get involved in the grudges of the two dirtiest crooks in Tchicago politics. Which," he adds, "is no mean superlative."

"Is Kronin as bad as Task?" I ast.

"Worse, if anything," says Sandy. "I have very good reason to remember that gentleman." And with that he pats his wallet pocket.

"I'm not an indicative man," says my Best Friend and Severest Cricket (and Gawd knows that ain't no overstatement!), "but some day I hope to send this letter back marked Paid in Full."

WELL, I jus' couldn' pipe down that night for things makin' a carousel outa my head. Sandy was in the nex' bed, sleepin' like Illinois justice. I pussyfooted in the bathroom, takin' his wallet with me. I found the letter. It was typewrote.

MR. VIVIAN DRURY.
Dear Sir [it said]:

As accounts now stand between us, you have in your favor some valuable experience to the effect that as a reformer it will pay you to stick to fiction writing.

Trusting that this may, in some degree, offset any losses you may have sustained either in the region of your pocket or your faith in humanity, I beg to remain,

Faithfully yours—

And it was signed in one of them big scrawls that's the Bank Teller's Bad Dream—

MARCUS KRONIN.

Well, it didn' gimme much info', but between the lines I seen mud was spattered on my Sandy, which made my blood sizzle and started me thinkin' hard and dirty.

I guess it was bein' married to a novelist that made all kinds of stories where people got revenged and all sorts of stunts for double-crossin' black guards go rompin' through what I laughin'ly call my brain. I didn' get no more rest that night than a saxophone player's wife with the hives.

So first thing in the morning I says to Sandy, "Looka, ole H. G. Inkwells," I says. "This plot-makin' must be catchin'. I feel like the first grave digger, I turned up such a lotta dirt. But finely I cooked up a great lil scheme for Ann to get her money outa Task."

"Now, Gold Top" (which awways makes me feel like a stockin'), "we'll see Ann through with whatever money she needs, but we won't get in any arguments with Mr. Task. He's too big for our guns."

"Sure," I says, "lendin' her money's very kind, providin' she'll take it. But Ten Grand is a lotta horse feed to let a crook swaller just because he's got a big belly. When it comes to what's right and just, I say, no Task too big—no Task too small. Looka, Sandy, this idear of mine is the cat's ear muffins, and me and Ann can pull it—"

"Honey," he says, "I want you to forget about it, please. You wouldn' put your head in a wasps' nest with the hope of stingin' the wasp?"

No, but I wouldn't sit around singin' hymns after he stung me, neither. Looka—there's nothin' I wouldn' do if Sandy ast me. But, gee'z, he's such a softy! Maybe I'm hard boiled, but if crooks wipe their feet on my friends, I say, like the dentist, an eye tooth for an eye tooth.

I got aholda Ann, and she was ripe for shootin'.

"Looka, Ann," I says. "There's more than one way of drivin' a horse to water, but a bullet's gotta be lead. There's crimes that's less risqué than shootin'."

"I'm ready for anything," says Ann.

"Includin' theft, impersonification, and forgery?" I says.

"Well," she says, "I wouldn' know how to go about forgery."

"That," I says, "is the alimentary grade of crime. Write your name on a piece of paper."

She done it, and I showed her a trick a customer once learnt me in the Cafeteera. If you turn a sigganature upside down, you can drawr, stroke for stroke, what the other feller has wrote. It's a pipe. Try it sometime. Ann couldn't hardly tell which was her own John Henry.

"Now you try it," I says, writin' down my name; and she done it like rollin' off a duck's back.

"Now try this," I says, showin' her the letter I clepped outa Sandy's wallet; and she wrote MARCUS KRONIN so his own mother wouldn' know it.

"Nowlooka," I says; "here's my ideer."

Gee, Ann was so tickled she commenced to cry.

"But do you think it'll work?" she says.

"At least it's worth a try, ain't it?" says I.

"It is to me," says Ann. "I'd try anything for my folks. But I'd never forgive myself if you should get in trouble."

"If Trouble ain't lookin' for indyspepsia," I says, "it'll lay offa me. I got plennya reasons for wantin' to do this. And gee, won't it make a swell story for Sandy?"

Ann says it's the best story *she* ever read, and we agreed I was to have the cereal rights, includin' the Scandinavian, for my Buddy, and she was to have the $10,000. And swearin' to stick to each other like a coupla cinema buns, no matter what come, we started in on our hyenous career of crime.

The first thing we done, Ann registered at the Onyx Hotel, one of the sumchouest in Tchi, under the name of Laura Lamont. Then, Sandy bein' out, we got out his typewriter, and Ann dictated letters to me which was exackly like a rich old gazasbo wrote a girl in her comp'ny, and she sued him for breach of promise, recoverin' a lotta the necessary forwith. Belee' me, them letters was the elephant's trunk keys.

The first was kinda formal, and we signed it Marcus Kronin, Ann doin' a swell job of chiropody. Then we wrote nine more, some signed Marcus and some just MK, and me and Ann near had highsterics over them. They kep' gettin' more and more toodle-oo until the last three was so tender if you stuck a fork in 'em they'd fall apart.

Then we took one o' Sandy's plain envelopes and addressed it "Miss Laura Lamont, Onyx Hotel," and mailed it. That was all we could do the first day, particklarly as Sandy come

home and took us to a pitcher which, after what we had in mind, seemed like a dish a louk warm banana soop.

WELL, nex' morning Ann come over with the letter she received, and we dirtied up the envelope by walkin' on it, and also rollin' it around, etcetra, and tore off part of the date, just leavin' enough to show it come through the mail.

Then we done the same by the other letters, creasin' 'em over and over, even puttin' very realistic tear drops on 'em with a medicine dropper. And tyin' 'em with a blue ribbon (blue for consistancy! tweet-tweet!), we started out. That is, I started out with the letters in my pockabook and a big hunk of dough where my heart shoulda been. But, to tell the G. T., I liked it. Sometimes I think I'm just a good crook gone moral.

Well, I went down to see this P. Montaneye, and, say, he was a Hard Task, awright. It

woulda been easier to get in to Cal Coolidge's gymnasium. First an office boy cross-questioned me. Then a secketary gimme the third degree. Then a coupla clerks looked me over. And finely Mr. Goldberg, the Jew-nior member, X-rayed me.

But I found out one thing. If you just ack dumb and keep sayin' the same thing over and over, you finely wear people out. The more they explained that Mr. Task never seen nobody without knowin' their business, the more I kep' repeatin' my line—"But I can't tell my case to nobody but Mr. Task!" until in desperation I was taken to Task.

WITH that she takes and shows him the sig-ganature on the $6,500 check.

Gee, he was a Hard Job, awright. He looked like these noospaper cartoons of a powerful maggot.

"Mr. Task," I says, like butter wouldn' melt on my popcorn, "I'm a friend of Mr. Kronin—Marcus Kronin, you know?" Gee'z, I wish you coulda seen that map! Like the middle of Lake Erie in a thunner storm. "In fack," I went on, "I'm more than a friend, as these letters'll show you—"

I took the letters outa my pockabook, untied the ribbon, and give him the first two.

Say, big fish bites just as easy as lil, if you on'y got the right kinda bait. Gee'z, I thought his eyes was gonna pop, like a coupla tight vest buttons.

"There's more," I says, "but I rather not show them. I'm very fonda Mr. Kronin, in spite of he havin' acted so peculiar before he went away."

I wiped my eyes with my hangkerchief. Task just sat there waitin' for me to go on, but he was about as disinterested as a terrier at a rat hole.

"As you can see in one of the letters, Mr. Kronin promised to take me to Europe," I says, awful sad. "But right at the end some'm made him change and he begun to ack very cool. Bein' very affectionate by nature, I didn' take that kinda treatment in stony silence. So he finely promised me, if I'd be a good girl and not make a scene at the dock, he'd gimme $10,000, providin' I give him back his letters.

"Well, I felt I couldn' part with 'em, even for that money, bein' all I had to remember him by. That's the worse of bein' sennamen'al, Mr. Task.

"But since he went I reelize I acted foolish, especially if I had the money I could go over to Europe and find him. I know once he sees me he'll love me again. I don't think a great love ever dies, do you?

"Havin' heard you was the best lawyer in Tchicago, I come to ask your advice, and I brought along the letters to show they was bone of Fido."

"Lea'me see the other letters," says he.

"I rather not," I says; "they're very pers'nal."

"Well, I can't help you," says he, "unless you have confidants in me. A lawyer is like a doctor or a priest. You mustn't keep nothin' back from him."

So I left him see the letters, one by one; and either he thought I was an awful marron, or he ain't nilly such a poker face as he thinks, because he all but licked his chopsticks. And finely he says—

"I'll lend you the money to go abroad," he says. "About $2,000 oughta see you over nicely, and you can have a good talk with Mr. Kronin, and be sure and tell him his friend Task has got these letters. I feel certain he'll enjoy his vacation if he knows they're in my hands."

"Oh," says I, "I wouldn' leave the letters outa my position! How will I get the $10,000 from Mr. Kronin if I ain't got the letters?"

Well, he tried to reason with me and weasel me, and even threatened to have nothin' to do with me. But I used the same tic-tac-toes I used outside—jus' bein' dumb and sayin' the same thing over and over. So finely he got wore out and made me a final offer of Five Grand, me to leave the letters for a security that I'd pay him back. But figgerin' I could awways come back and accep' the five, I made out I was ready to walk outa the office. So he finely compromised me for $6,500.

He gimme a check for same, makin' me sign that it was a loan to be paid back, and I signed Laura Lamont, wonderin' if it was perjury or brighamy or mayhap, but takin' a chance. The last thing he says was:

"Leave me know your movements and when you sail, and also, if you find any more documents, be sure and bring them down. Drop in any time," he says, "excep' between one and two, because there's hardly ever anybody in the office then."

ANN was waitin' for me in the Museem, and when we swopped coats, she puttin' on the swell fur casin' Sandy give me, and the new green hat, she cernly looked like a million dollars out huntin' kewpons. I thought she'd pass outa the pitcher when I give her the check. She wanned to call it a deal then; but havin' tasted blood, as you might say, I wasn't in no mood for acceptin' a decision.

So we walked past the jew'ry store of Marcus Kronin, who is considered one of the leadin' manufacturers of discontent in Tchi, and stood lookin' in the winder.

"You're sure you can do your part?" I says,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LAURA LIE
Continued from Page Nine]

as nervous as a singin' teacher with a new pupil appearin' in public for the first time.

"I may not be a very successful one," says Ann, on her metal, "but I *am* an actress."

And with that she walks in the store on her ear.

Nacherly I didn' see the rest, but you gotta admit I got the inside dope on it.

A charming young lady, all smothered in furs, walks in and asks for Mr. Marcus Kronin. And when they tell her he's in Europe, oh! she's so supprised! And disappointed! So finely they call over young Mr. Kronin and he asks is there anything he can do?

"Well," she says, "your father is a good friend of mine. He's prob'ly told you about me—Laura Lamont?"

"He prob'ly has," says young Kronin, who, bein' suspicious by nature as well as a jeweler, didn' exackly fall on her neck and break it—"but I just can't recall."

"Well," she says, "it's really immaterial. But your father once loaned me some money, and—er—my ship's come in, so I wanted to pay it back."

Well, one sound young Kronin can awways hear, no matter how faint, is the rustle of greenbacks. He broke up like a late winter, and invited Miss Lamont in his private office where they had the nicest talk, all about the latest divorce scandal, and what's nude in the drammer, and what a good scout old Kronin is, and young K says yes, they're not like father and son, they're more like a coupla Kronins together, and all that kinda horse chestnuts, and she finely hands him the fifty huckleberries Sandy give me to buy myself some'm nice and forget about Task and all that nonsense.

IT was a reg'lar siesta for Kronin, findin' money, and a charming young lady gettin' more and more confidential and tellin' him all about herself and her new rich friend, Mr. T. But finely her tongue skids and she calls him Mr. Task.

"Not P. Montaneye Task?" he says, all ears. He had a pair, anyway, that looked like a taxi comin' down Broadway with both side doors open.

"Oh, I hope I haven't been indiscreet," says Miss Lamont, awmost succeedin' in blushin'—"but I know I can trust you." And with that she takes and shows him the sigganature on the $6,500 check.

Hot to Mollie! Did he look? The eyes had it, awright.

"He's very gen'rous," she goes on. "Anything I want I can have."

"Can't we interest you in some jewels?" says young Kronin.

"Well," says Miss Lamont, "I never cared much for jew'ry. I'd rather have bonds—" (denotin' a good, dependable character!) "In fack, the on'y kind of jewels I care about at all is pearls."

"Well," says Kronin, "can't I show you some? We really have the finest pearls in the city."

"I hardly think I better," says Miss Lamont. "Mr. T. was lookin' at some yesterday at Rich & Dunn's."

Well, mentionin' their name to Kronin is on'y like wavin' a red flag in fronta an excited engine. He assures Miss Lamont, although he hates to knock a rival (like a squirrel hates to crack a nut!), that Rich & Dunn can't touch his pearls with a .45. And to convince her he sends for a tray right off. Ann told me they was so beautiful they made her fingers water! One in particklar was the Queen's taste.

"I see you know good things," says Kronin, squirtin' the old banana syrup. "I don't believe there's another like that in the country."

"Oh," says Miss Lamont, "*why* did you let me see it? I'll never have a moment's rest now. How much is it?"

"The price is $8,000."

"*Oh!*"—she give a lil scream—"it's *much* too much money! But may I come in and just *look* at it again sometime?"

"By all means," says Kronin. "Drop in any time. I really think you should have that pearl, Miss Lamont. It isn't everybody who could wear it. It takes somebody with your poise and distinction to carry it." Tweet-tweet! Hear the little birdie!

SO the nex' day she drops by again, and says Mr. T. didn' like the idear of her buyin' at Kronin's; he would rather she dealt at Rich & Dunn.

But she pers'nally wouldn' consider nothin' after seein' Kronin's pink pear. In fack, if she had the money she'd buy it herself right now, she was that crazy about it.

Kronin invited her in his private office and they had the pearl out again, and presently she offers him the 65 hunnerd for it. And finely, because the pearl will look so beautiful on her (of course, as a minus consideration, he don't want Rich & Dunn to get her trade) he lets her have it for sixty-five.

"Providin'," she stipplates, "that Mr. T. likes it—"

So he agrees to send the pearl down by messenger to Mr. T.'s office the nex' day at one-thirty *sharp*, because that's the *on'y* time Mr. T. ain't gonna be too busy to even look at it.

AND in the meanwhile (as they say in the movies) the Miss Lamont which is a client of P. Montaneye Task, or in other words Yours Cordial, walks into Task's office about twenty after one, and is *so* shagreened to find nobody is in excep' a coupla supers, and asks can she wait a few minutes, as she is expectin' someone.

"Cernly," says the Third Depity to the Assistant Office Boy; "make yourself at home," and leads me in the liberry.

I look around, and seein' that all the private offices is empty, I shut the one marked P. Montaneye Task, and then I come out in the outside office again without my hat, and stand around makin' small change with the Info' girl like I b'longed there.

At one-thirty sharp a young man comes in and asks for Miss Lamont.

"Oh, I'll take care of that," I say, before Info can open her front door, "I was expectin' you." And, smilin' at the young man, I lead him in the liberry.

"You're from Kronin?" I say, as if it was a great secret between us.

"Yes," says he.

"Of course, you unnerstand, Mr. Task is on'y gonna look at the pearl"—I give him a wink, real confidential. "It's the young lady that's buyin' it—"

"Of course I unnerstand," says he, smilin' back.

"Is it really as beautiful as she says?" I ast him, as between old friends.

"Oh, yes," says he; "it's very fine."

"Could I have a peek at it?" I weasled, and he took it out to show me.

I carried it to the light, and—"Gee," I says, "it cernly is the tapeworm's shimmy. Wait a minute," I says; "that's Mr. Task ringin' now. I'll take it in and show him."

And before he can say Jack Robinson, providin' them woulda been his words, I walked into Old Mountain Eye's office, Charlestoned three times around the desk, and come out again, closin' the door real careful behind me.

"Mr. Task is very busy, but he thanks you for bringin' it down," I says, handin' him back the pearl. "He's crazy about it, and will you please send it over to Miss Lamont and she'll give you a check."

With that he goes out, and, belee' me, I didn' stand around lettin' no grass grow. I tell you, crime is awright in its *way*, but it *weighs* too heavy on the nerves. I wasn't exackly keen to get caught in Task's office, even if I did have my alibi all ready. The whole idear of havin' the pearl sent down was on'y to convince Kronin that all Ann told him about Mr. T. was straight.

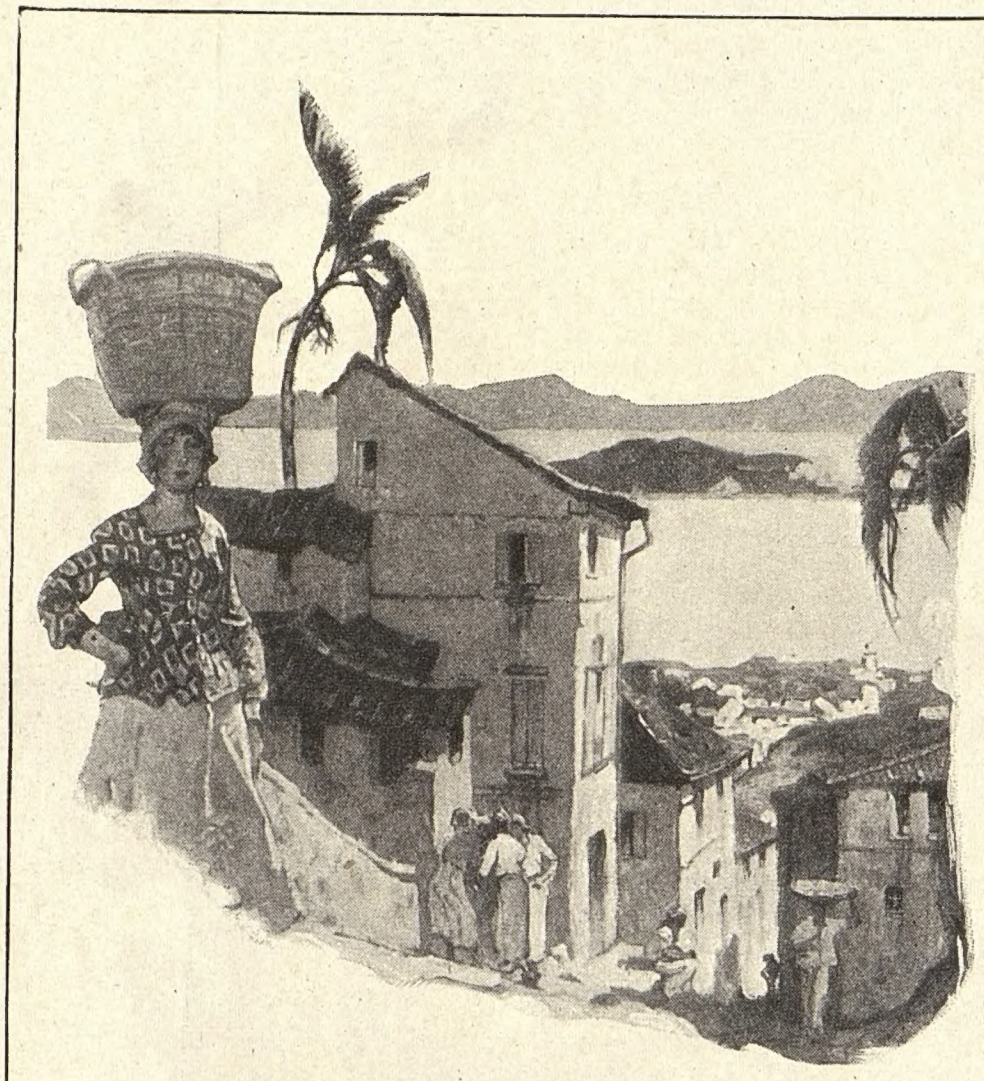
Can y'imagine young Kronin rubbin' his hands, and prob'ly takin' a photograph of Task's check to show the ole man? Hot Salome!

WELL, it's a good thing Kronin's store ain't right on the Lake, the way Miss Lamont kep' droppin' in. The nex' day she was jus' passin', and wanned to tell Mr. Kronin how much she loved the pearl and all that. Tweet-tweet!

"And if you think *I'm* crazy," she says, "you ought to see Mr. T. He's so wild about it, he's thinking of matching it for a pair of earrings."

"I think," says young Kronin, "he'll have a hard time doing that."

"That's what I told him," she says; "but the man at Rich & Dunn says he could."



RUDYARD KIPLING

Contributes another absorbing article to LIBERTY. It's an entrancing description of Brazil's magnificent city of dreams.

Be sure not to miss

RIO

By RUDYARD KIPLING

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

" He's crazy," says Kronin. " If it could be matched at all, we could do it."

She sighed. " I wish you could. It'd be such a *remarkable* pair of earrings."

" Well," he says, " I'll try. If anybody can find it, I can. We have scouts out all the time. But I have my doubts. It's a very rare color and shape. However, drop by and I'll let you know if I find anything."

So the nex' day she did, but he didn'.

" I think," she said, " Rich & Dunn have located one."

" Impossible! " says he. " I know every big pear-shaped pink pearl in the country."

" Well," she says, " I'm sorta violatin' a confidence tellin' you this, but bein' we're friends Rich & Dunn have found a girl livin' over on the Lake Shore that's got a pearl from an Indian Prince, and she's willin' to sell, but she wants big money. Rich & Dunn say they gotta get $11,000 for the pearl. Mr. T. is willin' to give ten. . . . I hate him to spend that much on a mere bauble, but as long as he's in the mood—You understand—"

Mr. Kronin understood. And he promised to find that pearl if he hadda run a fine comb all along the Lake Shore. And, sure enough, the nex' morning he calls her up in terrible excitement.

" I've found it! " he says. " And the wonderful luck is, I managed to get so friendly with the young lady that she's willing to give me the preference over Rich & Dunn. They've offered her ninety-five hundred, but she's holding out for ten. Now, if you would go as high as ten-five, Miss Lamont, I would split my commission, because you're a friend—although it's not our custom to handle anything for less than 10 per cent. But I must know at once. And will you bring or send the pearl over to me, so I can compare the two? I'm sure they're a perfect match—the weights are identical, and the shape, size, and color I could swear are the same. Still, we want to be sure—"

" I'll call you right back," says Miss Lamont.

After a while she calls him again. " Oh, Mr. Kronin, I've had the *worst* time. Mr. T. is trying an important case in court, and you can *imagine* what it meant to get word to him! The pearl is in his vault uptown and he can't possibly get at it. But he says Rich & Dunn compared them, and if you say they're matched too, he's not worried about that end of it. He says go ahead at ten-five. He'll send you a check by messenger as soon as he gets out of court."

" That's all right," says Kronin. " As long as we have your order, we'll go ahead and secure the stone."

But the party with the pearl, it seemed, wouldn' accept no deposit. They wanned the whole amount right off. And while they was arguin', Rich & Dunn phoned that their man was on the way over with a certified check for ten thousand, so Mr. Kronin hadda ack fast. He bought the stone.

" Oh, *thank* you," says Miss Lamont, when he told her over the phone. " You're a perfeck *dear!* When will you send it over? "

" Right away," says Kronin.

" Well," she says, " I'm on my way out now. But if you'll send it at five, Mr. T. will be here, and he'll give you a check at the same time. O. K.? "

Yeh, that was K. O. with Kronin.

" You're sure it's exackly the same as mine? "

" Oh, positive. I'm certain it's a perfect match."

" Oh, I can scarcely *wait!* You'll see that the boy gets here *promptly* at five? "

WELL, the messenger was promp', awright. He got to the Onyx at five sharp. But they told him Miss Lamont checked out a coupla hours before, not leavin' no address. And they didn' have no idear where she was—

I coulda tole 'em. She was on a train headed for Barnsdale, to lift the mortgage offa the old home with the ten grand she got for sellin' Kronin his own pearl back. And a tough egg he was to sell, I'll tell the Noo Yawk *World.* Bein' the party that got the pearl from the Indian Prince, I oughta know. I kep' wondering all the time I was kiddin' Kronin along, lettin' him think he was makin' such a pers'nal hit with me that I was willin' to give him the preference over Rich & Dunn, how his face'd look if he was to find out, alla sudden, that Rich & Dunn never even heard of the whole deal, and that he was the Indian Prince himself, and it was his own pearl I was lettin' him buy back!

BUT gee'z, it was no fur-lined pipe hookin' that halibut. I coulda started a hardware store with all the monkey wrenches that gazasbo aimed at the works! He was so set on gettin' aholda his client to compare the pearls that I thought the fat was in the soop, for fair. B'lee me, I didn' lose no time gettin' ahold of my accomplish and primin' her what to say.

But, even after Ann tells him the pearl is in the vault and Mr. T. is in court, and all that clam broth, what does he do but start a new argument about acceptin' a deposit? Gee'z, I was scared yeller the fashionable party I rented the house from mornings to practice vocal (can y'imagine? If I was to open my face, the factories'd stop work)—I was afraid she'd be comin' back and spillin' the freeholies, as the Mexicans say.

But my luck held. Somebody called up for her, and I made out it was Rich & Dunn on their way over with a check, and that's how I finely got Kronin over to the bank.

Well, I don' know how the rest of it is gonna come out, and if Kronin'll get Task or Task'll get Kronin.

It'll be snake swaller snake either way, and if they both swaller each other, so much the better.

Me and Sandy is scheduled to leave Tchicago tomorrer, after he gives his letcher on Crime and Its Cure.

But O Boy, wouldn' I like to be in backa the door when them two wolfs gets together and starts comparin' Exhibition A and B! Hot quinine!

I didn' want Sandy to know I went against his wishes, but the thing was burnin' a hole in my mouth. Besides, I thought he might wanna write it up. So I says to him, finely—

" Looka, you ole Kipling herring," I says, " how's this for a story I made up? " And I tole it to him like it was a yarn.

He was inter*e*sted, awright, up to the las' word.

" It has some good stuff in it," he says, " very good. But it's not plausible. No up-to-date jeweler could be fooled that bad by a coupla amachures. It takes years of crooked work to develop nerve enough to put over a thing like that. Two nice girls couldn' do it. Besides, the whole thing is fulla too many improbabilities. In writing stories, you gotta watch your facks. You can't pull the leg of quincidence—"

Gee'z, you cernly gotta be smart to be a writer!

THE END

I walked into Old Mountain Eye's office, Charlestoned three times around the desk, and come out again.

Don't miss the incredible story of the unknown American who amazed the fighting forces of the world gathered on the Western Front. It begins soon.

Photo by Felix, Paris

Their first big hit—the Castles in Paris in 1912.

Things We

Stumblingblocks and Golden Milestones on the Dancing Road to Fame

(Reading time: 20 minutes 15 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Irene Castle's successful career did not follow the usual Cinderella plot, for in the first installment of her life story she told of leaving a prosperous home to share the uncertainties of an actor's life. And life was uncertain indeed for her and Vernon Castle when, after a brief experience in New York, they went to Paris and touched the depths of poverty. Then came a chance to dance at the Café de Paris. After their first number, success was assured. She tells here of the first real test of their popularity; of the New York triumph that followed; and then of being caught by the World War in Europe.]

PART TWO

MAURICE and Florence Walton arrived in Paris and came to dance at the Café de Paris for Papa Louis, with whom they had a former contract. We had read a great deal of their success at Louis Martin's in New York, and shook with fear at the inevitable competition.

We were doing little dances, the steps of which we had made up ourselves, and which had no particular significance, but by dancing them to the new ragtime music, as it was called, we managed to create a great deal of interest in our work.

What was even more important, we had made any number of substantial friends among our followers. Everyone adored Vernon. His charm, humor, vitality, and good will were irresistible.

Maurice was much more experienced in cabaret dancing and gave a very finished performance; but, as our popularity did not entirely depend on these qualities, he could not shake our success.

As we feared, each night became a competition, and, as he seemed very jealous of our success, we told Papa Louis that we would leave until Maurice's engagement was over—and did.

It was over sooner than we had expected, for we went down to Reims for a house party for three or four days with a delightful Russian champagne merchant, and upon our return found Papa Louis on our doorstep.

He assured us Maurice had left, the coast was clear, and we returned to our Happy Hunting Ground. We stayed until early in June.

Even then I think we could not have got away—Papa Louis seemed so discouraged at our going, and actually cried tears of disappointment when I broke the news to him—but my father had died and I was anxious to get back to mother.

I was also pretty impatient to return and show my friends all of the finery that our efforts had made possible. I was the very height of fashion. I had always longed to dress in a very grown-up and bizarre fashion, and, with no one to advise or deter me, I had humored myself to the fullest.

With a very pale face, very red lips, and a beauty spot, Paradise hats, and dresses that a woman of forty could have worn, I stepped off the boat, chuckling inwardly at the impression I knew I was making on my mother and sister.

And so ended the first Paris chapter of our career, in which our early struggles gave us a foothold in the dance craze which was to follow and with which some people have been kind enough to credit us.

Soon after our arrival in New York, in the summer of 1912, we went to see Louis Martin, who ran the Café de l'Opéra at Broadway and Forty-second Street.

He was a great friend of Papa Louis', who had written him of our success in Paris, advising him to engage us. We asked $300 a week and, to our great surprise, he refused to pay that much!

We were momentarily crushed, and Vernon feared that we should not hold out for this stupendous sum. I was firm, however, having decided that was our value, and so we went to my mother's home in New Rochelle to await another wind of good fortune.

In a few days we were sent for. As I had predicted—he would pay $300 a week! We were overjoyed and started rehearsals at once. We found we could get excellent rooms above the restaurant, and so we settled down, with our windows facing the old Hermitage Hotel.

The dancing floor was square, but of good size, and above the ceiling was an extra floor which provided a balcony that was easily filled on popular nights.

We started off merrily enough and were packing them in when Maurice and Florence Walton arrived from abroad. Louis Martin claimed he had a former contract with them and so would have to use us both. This created a lot of jealousy and the old spirit of competition that we had hated so in Paris.

There was great rivalry as to tables, who should dance first, and choice of popular tunes. Vernon had begun teaching in a private room next to our living quarters, and there were many private engagements coming our way—but we were not happy.

Finally, Mr. Regan of the Knickerbocker Hotel asked us to come to dinner. We arrived, and found it quite a large dinner party; but before it was time for us to leave, Mr. Regan had offered us $600 a week to dance in the Knickerbocker Grill.

This came as a great surprise, as we had heard Mr. Regan claim, only a short while before, that there were two things he would never permit in his hotel—women smoking or cabaret! He had finally come to both.

WE were anxious to dance for him, of course—the salary was tempting, and we had always had a soft spot in our hearts for the Knickerbocker Grill: Vernon had taken me there to supper several times before we were married—the first times that I had ever been out to supper!

Strange that I should have returned to dance there in November, 1921, after nearly six years away from ballroom dancing.

We accepted Mr. Regan's offer, but so much happened when we told Louis Martin of our decision that we never appeared there. We were raised to $600 a week and Maurice and Florence Walton were let out.

It was at about this time that we hit upon the Castle Walk—which certainly simplified dancing for most people. It was such a joyous, easy step to do that it spread like magic. We can all recall the couples bending over as they rounded a corner, like banking a turn in flying.

We stumbled on to the Castle Walk one night

Before Will Hays tamed the movies—a scene Vernon's only film appearance.

REMEMBER

An Autobiography

By IRENE CASTLE

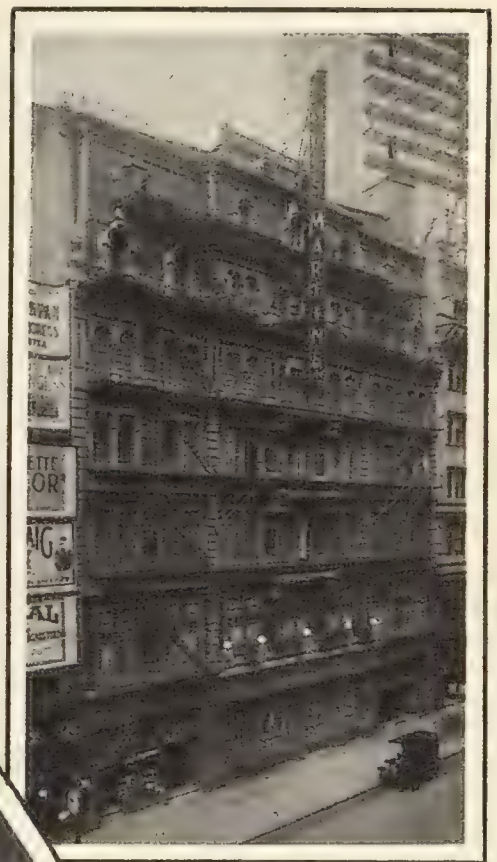
when giving a party to Elsie Janis. We were dancing together for sheer love of it—just as a taxi driver hires a car and goes for a drive on his only day off! The music may have been inspiring, or it may have been the lateness of the hour, but I can remember our deciding to reverse the usual accent of the beat.

At that time everyone was coming down rather heavily on the beat, swaying from side to side in a sometimes pretty clumsy imitation of the Grizzly Bear or Texas Tommy. We decided to lift up on the beat, and immediately found ourselves—feeling pounds lighter—sailing along the floor as if on wings.

When we returned to our table, Elsie said: "Well, I hope you two are enjoying that silly step. You can't imagine how awful it looks!"

We just dared her to try it, and unfortunately she did. I didn't get Vernon back for hours! When I did, we Castle-Walked until the band went home.

Of course it wasn't called the Castle Walk at that time. We were going to call it the Fish Walk, but long before we had time to christen it, the public had decided for itself—as it often does!



Brown Brothers photo

Martin's famous old Café de l'Opéra, New York, scene of the Castles' American cabaret début.

from The Whirl of Life, Irene's first and She is shown at right.

Vernon taught most of every day and proved an excellent teacher. I had none of the necessary qualities, certainly *not* the patience. After telling a full-grown man six times in succession to start on his left foot, and having him start five times on his right, I was completely licked.

I wore myself out trying to lift men bodily into the swing of it, and only succeeded in arriving at a state of collapse myself, having made no impression on my poor, bewildered pupils. For everyone's sake I gave up in about two weeks and never went back to it.

Vernon went on teaching for three years. He never appeared ruffled or even tired, and made astonishingly good dancers of his pupils. He taught men and women of all ages, and I never saw him fail with one of them.

Irene and her beloved griffon, which she smuggled into England when she and Vernon fled France at the outbreak of war.

Like all people who meet with success, we decided it was madness to be working for someone else. We decided to branch out for ourselves. Jules Ansaldi, the head waiter at Louis Martin's, kept plucking at our sleeves to do so, and was most anxious to go in with us.

We felt it was essential to be at Times Square, in the heart of things, and we did not want to leave a location that had proved so lucky for us. But there was almost nothing to be had for rent.

New York was not overrun with restaurants at that time, and what few supper places there were—old stand-bys like Rector's and Churchill's—were doing a very good business and so were not available. We finally hit on a place called Fleischman's on Forty-second Street opposite Times Square.

This place had changed hands fairly often with little or no success. It was practically empty, except for a few drifters, who wandered in occasionally for a drop of brandy. By spending about $3,000, we were able to offer it to the public under the new name of Sans Souci.

Charlie Dillingham begged us not to go into it. He was sure we could never get the public to go into an underground place where they would be sure of bad air. Also the place had anything but a fashionable reputation.

Everything was against it: it was a fire trap, and there was no possible way of giving good service. We leased the china, linen, and necessary chattels, which were most commonplace.

Despite all of these drawbacks, we could not possibly accommodate all of the people who came night after night. There was no cover charge, as I remember, but as one could sell liquor in those days, it was not necessary.

WE encouraged the purchase of champagne, but it was not obligatory, as in many of the supper places. Every other drink was a dollar—lemonade, ginger ale, etc.—and at that time such a price was considered robbery. There was an awful uproar from some patrons on receipt of the check, but we didn't have to worry about a few discontented customers, as we had waiting lines reaching way out into the street.

One impression I would like to dispel is that there was ever any charge for dancing with me! If any such charge was made, it was certainly without my knowledge and the money was pocketed by the waiter or head waiter.

I would never have permitted such a practice. I danced very seldom with any of the guests, as I got plenty of dancing during working hours and generally was pretty tired when we had given our last exhibition each night.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THINGS WE REMEMBER
Continued from Page Thirteen]

I should have been paid to dance with some of the men who, after begging persistently for a dance and stumbling all over my slippers, would announce gayly, "I just won $100, betting that you would dance with me."

This was not very flattering and happened so often, and it seemed such bad taste to tell me of it.

We had lots of fun watching the public dance. Everyone was struggling then with the Hesitation Waltz and the Maxixe, both of which required a good deal of technique and grace. Dancing was too new a supper pastime for the general public to do these intricate steps well.

One heard good hard thumps as the hesitators hit the floor with one knee. All eyes were turned skyward, and lips audibly counted "One, two, three—dip."

Vernon played the drums in the orchestra much of the time. He never seemed to tire of drumming or dancing. He got up many drumming contests among the Negro drummers he knew and offered cups for the most accurate and elaborate drumming.

We often spent the early morning hours in the cafés of Harlem, looking for talent. In this way Vernon learned all sorts of new tricks with the sticks and new tempos. He became one of the best amateur drummers and compared favorably with the leading professionals.

His early training in conjuring and sleight of hand helped him, of course, so that he could throw the sticks very high or bounce them off the floor with great accuracy.

I HAVE not mentioned The Sunshine Girl. This was a musical comedy that had been playing in England with great success, with George Grossmith in the leading part. Charles Frohman brought it to this country, and as Charles Dillingham was his very close friend, he promised to try and get George's part for Vernon.

Of course Vernon was delighted, and Dillingham had perfect confidence that he would do it well. Not so with Frohman, who grumbled a good deal at rehearsals and would never have kept Vernon in the part if Dillingham had not insisted. Luckily, he gave a great performance when the play was produced and it was an enormous success.

Vernon had to do most of his numbers with Julia Sanderson, who was starring in the piece, but we finally were given one dance together—an encore to Little Girl, Little Girl, Little Girl, Little Girl, Mind How You Go.

My part was so small that I was able to leave the show in May, 1913, and go abroad to join my mother. Vernon joined us in Paris as soon as the show closed for the summer, and we danced for a short time at the Café de Paris.

We had been engaged to dance in Deauville, beginning August 1. This was a delightful experience. We had never seen a fashionable foreign resort, and certainly could never have enjoyed such luxury independent of our work. We were given our rooms and some of our meals.

The room we danced in was a beautiful one, with a large oval space cleared in the center for dancing. Round or oval floors are always easier to accommodate one's dance figures to. Tuck, Miller, and Johnson, three excellent colored musicians, played for us. We had brought them over from Bustanoby's in New York.

Vernon gave many lessons, and we had some very interesting soirées to do. One, at Mrs. Potter Palmer's villa, stands out in my memory. It was the first time I had ever seen the Grand Duke Dimitri.

He was in his early twenties then, fair and smooth shaven. Because of his high position in Russia, he was treated with great pomp and solemnity. Old ladies rose and bowed deeply when he entered a room, and no one left until he did.

This was not in keeping with his young, joyous face, and we soon found that he had quite another side. Full of humor and interest in things American—our music particularly—he came night after night to the Café de Paris (after our return to Paris) to learn the words of our new songs.

At that time, You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Want to Do It, and Snookyookums were most popular. I would write the words out for him, and he would awaken his father, to sing them to him, on his return to his hotel some hours later.

He loved dancing, and took such long steps that he found it a little easier to dance with me than with most people, and so we did many miles together each night after the exhibition dancing was over.

In true Russian style, he gave me some heavenly buttons he was wearing that I had admired. He was a spontaneous, lovable boy, and we had all planned to meet the following year in Paris, or Deauville, to resume our good times. We little dreamed of the Shadow lengthening over Europe. . . . We did not meet the next year.

It was five years before I saw Dimitri again, and such a world of events had crowded into those five years! Vernon had been overseas and come back to meet his death in Texas as a flying instructor. I had gone to London to do hospital and war work for six months.

Dimitri and I met one night at the Ritz a few weeks before the Armistice. He was then a captain in the British army, reduced to only his captain's pay, and his father was in jail in Russia. There seemed little hope of him gaining his freedom. Poor Dimitri! How life had changed for him!

We talked over those happy days in Paris, and would have given a good deal to turn the clock back to that carefree summer of 1913.

How fortunate that we are spared any glimpse of the future! How many happy hours we would be robbed of if we had the slightest knowledge of what was ahead.

Having been engaged to dance again at Deauville in August, 1914, Vernon and I looked forward impatiently to the time when we should leave Paris and the Café de Paris, where we again were dancing for a few weeks, and entrain for this garden spot.

Vague rumors of some very serious disturbance were drifting in. Money became scarce; gold was impossible to get; and people stopped spending so lavishly. As August 1 drew nearer, there was very definite (though whispered) talk of war! It seemed hard to believe, and we asked Papa Louis about it.

He was in a position to know a good deal, as he served luncheon to most of the political heads of France. He admitted having heard such rumors, but was loath to believe them. We telephoned Deauville on July 31 and were told to come as planned—the next day.

While en route, by train, *war was declared!*

When we arrived at the Normandie Hôtel, we found it deserted except for Lillian Russell and her husband and one American friend of ours. Long lines of waiters and valets stretched down one side of the building—receiving their pay before dashing off to join their regiments.

We strolled over to the Casino, where the orchestra was playing the Marseillaise—for the last time. The players had been called to their colors. The ballroom was crowded with peasants and country folk from the surrounding villages, most of whom had never before been inside any of these fashionable and forbidding buildings.

Many faces were streaked with tears, but we all sang. When the last chord had died away, they filed out in silence. We had indeed witnessed a stirring spectacle, but still we could not take this war talk seriously.

My thoughts kept creeping back to the night Vernon and I were married, when some haunting fear of just this thing had made me cry desperately and beg Vernon to promise me, if England went to war, he would not go. He had insisted that he would have to—and then we had both laughed at such a fear as *ridiculous*.

The horses which declined to act in the

© Ira L. Hill

The Castles refused to be associated (professionally, anyway) with Maurice and Florence Walton, shown above.

It was all so impossible in our times! Difficulties would be arbitrated; countries would pay in cash for any infringements; there could be no bloodshed. That was all a thing of the past. Even now that it was upon us, I still refused to believe in the War Monster.

There would be a few bullets fired, scary headlines in the papers, unnecessary financial panic, and then it would all blow over. And so, without feeling any acute alarm, we set about getting over to England.

All train service to Paris had been stopped, and there was a notice pinned in the Deauville station, stating that trains would carry only troops indefinitely. We heard there was a refugee boat leaving Havre that night for England—the last to take any passengers without passports—and so we must get to Havre.

AS it was impossible to stay in the hotel without food or servants, we went to call on Mr. Cornuche, who had engaged us. He was, of course, not the least interested in our arrival or the difficulties of our departure, but we felt we could insist on his cashing some American Express checks.

He gave us Belgian notes. They did not look very promising, but proved better than nothing. Pooling our resources with an American friend, we engaged an old victoria with a still older driver and horse, and started for Trouville, where we could take a small side-wheeler to Havre.

To get aboard this silly little boat, we paid hundreds of Belgian francs. We could not dicker about the price, as the ticket agent was not pleased at having to accept Belgian money

and we had not the slightest idea of its value. I should think on that particular day it had very little, if any, value.

There were no redcaps or trunk maulers to be had, and so Vernon and Mr. Blank, as I shall refer to this very well known young man who accompanied us, heaved the trunks aboard, and I did what I could with the hand baggage and two dogs.

The trip to Havre was the roughest bit of sea life I have ever experienced, and would have probably proved that I was not the sailor I think I am if it had not been for the laughter Mr. Blank's and Vernon's discomfort evoked. They were olive green, and their expressions were screamingly funny.

Castles' first movie. Irene is at the right.

LIFE took on a sterner atmosphere in Havre. We found the little Channel steamer was already booked to carry about 650 passengers, although her capacity was about 300. It so happened that the only space we could find, even to sit down, was that offered by the anchor chain.

We could understand having found this vacancy after the first few hours, and toward morning we were sitting very lightly indeed.

Before going aboard we had learned that Vernon's police dog could not go. At this news, Vernon flatly refused to move. He could not get to Paris, where we had left my mother, nor had he any money with which to find quarters in Havre. It was only by pointing out to him that he could do much more for the dog by going to London and getting some money, the necessary permits, etc., that we succeeded in getting him to come with us.

Then it depended on our finding a satisfactory veterinarian to board Tell, the dog. This we set out to do with the help of Mr. Blank, who spoke French beautifully. We found a clean enough looking place, and poor Tell was ordered into a cage and the door bolted behind him.

Vernon felt twice as bad because he unhesitatingly obeyed, as always. After detailed instructions, we bid Tell a tearful farewell. Poor trusting soul—he had never left Vernon's side from the moment they had first met, and his confidence in him was heartrending.

Our boat was stopped many times during the night, the Channel was being so closely watched for mines, and instead of a crossing of only a few hours we were fifteen hours on board. I had hidden my small griffon under my coat, and I had to keep her there all those hours, lest she should be detected.

It was a pretty joyous moment for us all when the door of our compartment on the train to London finally closed and we could all relax and stretch our legs. We had had nothing to eat all this time, and there had not even been drinking water on the boat. Vernon returned for Tell a few days later.

We had signed up with Charlie Dillingham to do Watch Your Step, then called Around the Clock, and I felt we had a great opportunity in this and should not miss it. England was bristling with war activity, after the three-day bank holiday in which it decided to join the French.

Those were strange, silent days and very serious ones. Everyone breathlessly awaited the outcome. Letters of credit were no good with the banks closed, and hotel cashiers had long since run out of cash, or said they had. You did not meet a speaking acquaintance who did not ask for a loan of some kind.

Finally the suspense was over, and the streets were slow-moving rivers of men, gun carriages, and horses—off for the front. Vernon was frantic to join. I would not hear of it.

Next to dancing, Vernon liked drumming best. He was perhaps the world's best amateur at the traps.

I felt he would spend six months getting into the army and another six months getting out, and that in about three weeks' time it would have proved that all these preparations were for naught. Finally, by promising him if it did last he could return, he came home.

We went straight to our home in Manhasset, Long Island, and soon began making a movie—my first, and the only one Vernon ever made.

It was called The Whirl of Life, and was supposed to have been based on our meeting, elopement, and start in Paris. Of course the elopement part was written in for color, as we had really been married quietly at 5 o'clock one Sunday afternoon at my parents' home in New Rochelle.

Then, to brighten it up toward the finish, a fictitious kidnaping and rescue by Tell and Vernon had been written in. It was certainly an amateurish scenario and our make-ups were even more so.

We put on enough grease paint each day to last an actor today a whole week. Our eyes were great pools of black, and we plastered on that yellow make-up which stamped one immediately as of the Silent Drama—years ago.

There were many funny incidents in the making of this picture, not the least of which was the acting!

The scrip called for an escape on horseback and a subsequent plunge off the end of a pier into Long Island Sound to evade the villains. No one knew whether this was possible or not, as so often was the case with scenes in scrips; but with it in view we did all of our riding scenes on two supposedly plunging horses from the Hippodrome. They gave us anything but a comfortable ride, and as I was dressed in a plaited skirt, silk stockings, and low pumps, I suffered agonies. There were miles and miles of escape scenes leading up to the plunge.

The director would point out a crossroad, tell us to rush up to it full tilt, then yank in our horses *à la* Bill Hart, whirl, and dash down the road at right angles. Much easier said than done!

Our hired steeds did not have the kind of mouths that were much affected by yanks! Vernon at least could slow his up, but I rode miles past the crossroads before I could stop—and then had to ride all those miles back again. A fresh start, and an equally unsuccessful attempt to stop within range of the camera.

My poor Hippodrome wreck either thought it was a race or she could not resist the great open spaces of New Jersey, where we were taking the riding scenes, after the confinement of her professional life. The stirrups ground in deeper and deeper on my ankle bone. Then, after about two weeks of this, the day for the big jump arrived.

We were to dash down the pier and make a spectacular plunge of five or six feet into the sea! Everyone had warned us to cling tightly to the horses' necks as we hit the water. It was explained that if we got separated from them in the water they would undoubtedly kick us insensible. This was a cheerful outlook, but need not have worried us much.

THE man who brought the horses out each day, and had guaranteed their plunging desires, decided to try one of them first. He rushed out on the pier, but stopped with a jolt at the water's edge. A few more fruitless attempts and then my little mare was tried.

She dug her toes in and stopped even more suddenly. No amount of coaxing did any good, and I put my foot down early on whipping and prodding, so the Hippodrome beauties had to be abandoned.

Someone knew of an old horse named Dick, pastured out in New Jersey somewhere, that had never refused a dive; in fact, he was considered a plungin' fool. All work was suspended while a new location was sought on Long Island. Then Dick was dug up and dusted off and brought to the new scene of action.

The pier was replaced by a bank or small cliff that we thought looked more natural and would probably bring out the best in a plunging horse.

Unhappily, during his long holiday from the water Dick had evidently lost his taste for diving—added to which he had a long flowing mane and tail, and no blaze on the face.

He could not have resembled less the horses we had been riding and still be the same kind of animal. The director decided to paint his face, bob his mane, and tie up his tail; but even with all these modern improvements he was not to bring our story to a hasty and satisfactory conclusion.

There was also the question of how we were going to make him look like two horses; but that was solved by having us arrive at the bank separately—Dick doubling for both horses. He took one squint at the set-up and decided definitely in favor of his retirement.

I was greatly relieved—only a little sad at having ridden so many miles on those angular, uncomfortable horses in vain. We finally had to dismount in the woods of New Jersey, run down the bank on Long Island, and jump into a large lifeboat full of marines *in Chicago* (at the Naval Training Station).

This was followed by a transfer to a motor boat on the lake near Chicago, a hop from that to a rowboat, and the rush from the rowboat up the beach *at Long Beach*, New York, to Castles-by-the-Sea. All of which looked as though it had been taken the same afternoon within a radius of five miles!

Our hunt scene, staged by dear Belle Beach, was almost as funny. It was through daisy fields in midsummer, on rented horses, ending with a hunt breakfast at a studio in Coney Island! But we did have real champagne, and I am much too excited about hunting now to confess the pathetic mistakes I made then.

How fame and fortune poured in upon the Castles during the year before Vernon went to war is told in next week's LIBERTY.

Three airplanes in ten minutes single-handed. A record unsurpassed in the war. Read of it and other amazing incidents in LIBERTY beginning soon.

NIGHTHAWKS

(Reading time: 16 minutes 50 seconds.)

CHUCK CRAWFORD knew that he would be flying over Ostend. That afforded him satisfaction.

As he buttoned the collar of his Sidcot suit, he half turned to the mechanic:

"Put the brick aboard?"

"Yes, sir—right on the seat, as usual."

"Good enough."

And he climbed into the cockpit of his plane, adjusting the brick to his satisfaction beside him as he prepared to take off.

Half an hour later, with a curse, he dropped it over Ostend.

Thus he carried out his private hate. There was no particular reason for it that we of the Royal Air Force could ever learn. If there was one, he kept it to himself. But he never flew over Ostend without heaving out one ordinary brick, in the hope that it would put a dent in some German head several thousand feet below.

He evidently felt that there would be a personal touch about such an event that was lacking in the killing by bomb or machine gun.

But he never dropped a brick over any town in which the Germans were, except Ostend.

Men were peculiar that way. Another chap never went on a night raid over Bruges, dropping bombs, without signaling in Morse on his Aldis tube lamp: "Bums. Bums. Bums."

Not satisfied with splashing nearly a ton of high explosives on the enemy below, he had to insult them as well. I have little doubt that he got more thrill out of his dot-and-dash gibes than he would have out of a direct hit on a Big Bertha.

When the big Handley-Page machines went on these night-raiding jobs over Bruges, Ostend, and Zeebrugge—the triangle of Belgian coast towns which the Germans used as submarine bases—they were veritable flying arsenals.

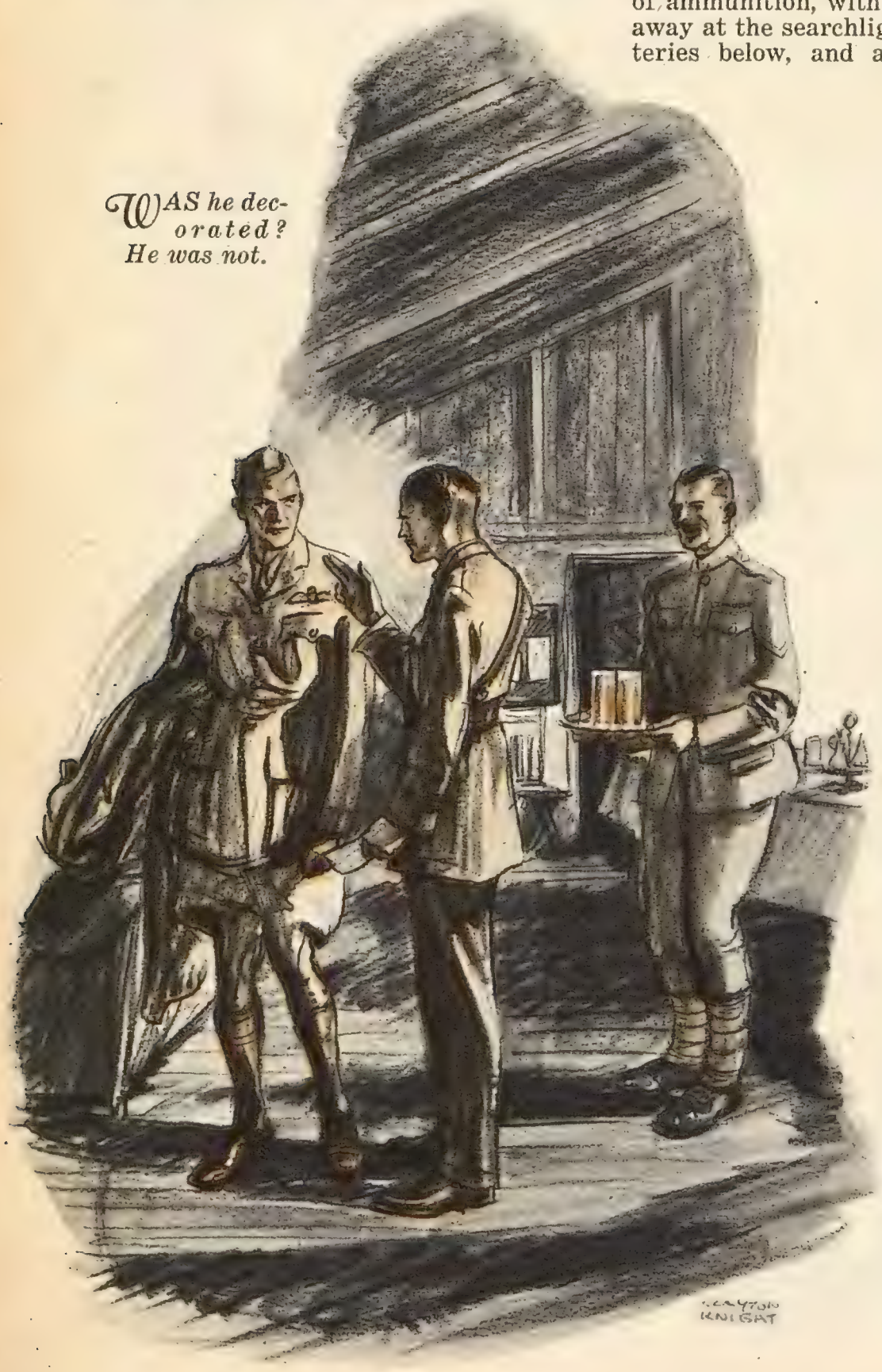
They carried sixteen 112-pound contact bombs—built like torpedoes and loaded with ammonal—in a rack on the under side of the fuselage, from which they could be flipped forth in succession by a lever in less than ten seconds.

Then, there were twenty-five twenty-five-pound Cooper bombs—grass-cutters—piled casually around the feet of the pilot and the observer, to be tossed out by hand.

In addition, for its six fore-and-aft Lewis guns, each Handley-Page carried 3,000 rounds of ammunition, with which the gunners blazed away at the searchlights and anti-aircraft batteries below, and at any Hun scout which might have the audacity to attack aloft.

They always came home empty, the ten machines which did the job as a unit having dropped nearly ten tons of earth-shattering explosives and rid themselves of 30,000 rounds of machine-gun bullets.

That should have been strafe enough. But no, madame. The pilots and observers added frills of their own—old boots, empty tins, any old junk they could lay their hands on. They would pile these, with the Cooper bombs, around them in the cockpits, and toss them out in the spirit of small boys shying snowballs.



WAS he decorated? He was not.

A FAVORITE missile was an empty bottle. It was not unusual for a bomber to fare forth with a dozen empties on board as added starters.

An empty bottle, tossed out with the correct flip from a height of several thousand feet, fell—as the wind caught its open mouth—with the screech of a hell-riding Valkyrie. It could not do much harm, of course, unless it made a direct hit; but the night-raiding pilots felt that these falling bottles had a moral effect that was not to be sneezed at.

But of all the private hates none was so strange as that of the armament officer about whom Lad Johnson tells. Lad is now a doctor in Toronto; but he spent ten months night bombing, which is anything but bedside work.

This armament officer was the johnny who looked after their bombs, ammunition, machine guns, and all the rest of their destructive sundries. He had gone to France as a pilot, but found himself, instead, in charge of a filling station for high explosives.

And because he was by profession a chemical engineer, keen on dabbling in a laboratory, and for other reasons, the job fitted him.

He was not long with the squadron of Handley-Pages before he developed a mania for manufacturing bombs that were not on the War Office roster. He was always messing around with the most diabolical concoctions. There was a grimness about the way he shut himself up that promised bad luck for somebody.

HE would take an empty gallon can and fill it with nitric acid, nitroglycerin, broken glass, nails—everything ugly you can think of but disease germs, and he would have added them if he could have got them.

Just as the men were about to climb the ladders, he had a habit of coming over with one of these fiendish canisters, nursing it as if he loved it, and saying eagerly, "Will you drop this, please, for me tonight?"

The pilots fought shy of him. "Sorry, old man," they would say; "'fraid there's no room."

Then they would hurry on board. He would go from one to another with a pleading look.

But none of them was anxious to tote one of those brutal babies of his forty or fifty miles before being able to chuck it over on the Hun. There was too much risk of the bally thing popping off prematurely—and where would the pilot be then, poor boy?

Why, they asked him, did he want to send over those damned things, anyway? Weren't ten tons of orthodox bombs enough to satisfy his bloodthirsty soul?

Then, one day, he told Lad his story—and after hearing it Lad carried over anything he cared to send.

When the war broke out, he was living with his family in South Africa. There were, besides himself, the father and mother, two brothers, and a sister.

His father, colonel of a battalion, had proceeded on service into German East Africa. Shortly afterward he, in command of a platoon, had followed.

One day, marching through the jungle with his outfit, he had come upon his father's body.

The colonel had been crucified!

This is no mere German-atrocity yarn. Lad Johnson heard the story from the boy's own lips.

The family left South Africa and came to England. The mother and sister took a flat in London. The boy went to France with an infantry unit.

His brothers joined the Royal Flying Corps. After training in England, they went to the front—that was in '17—but they were not there long before they were both shot down in flames—on the same day, if I remember correctly.

With some idea of vengeance in his head, the boy left the infantry and took up flying.

He had barely finished his training, got his wings, and was going to the front, when he received word that his mother and sister—all that remained of his family—had been killed in an air raid on London.

He alone remained. Father, mother, sister,

True Tales of the Flying Bombers

By

A. Roy Brown

Pictures by
Clayton Knight

and two brothers wiped out by the Hun!

He lived only to kill Germans. But, for some reason or other, he never flew at the front. He was made an armament officer; and that gave him little chance of dealing death directly. Hence the weird bombs with which, by proxy, he delivered slaughter and played his private hate.

His only hope, he told Lad, was that he, too, might be killed.

"But," he said bitterly, "just as sure as I'm here, I know I'll come through."

He did. He is living still.

Night after night for months, Lad Johnson taxied a ton of concentrated death and destruction and spilled it over those coast towns—unconcernedly enough, although he sat over a 300-gallon gasoline tank which, with the bombs, made one shudder at the thought of a bad crash or a direct hit.

But the only particular fear that Lad confesses to was of going blind in the air.

He seldom let his mind dwell on the chances of a blowup that would smear him over a square mile of landscape, but he often trembled at the thought of losing his sight at the controls while otherwise retaining his capacity to fly.

Such an unusual fear may have been induced by the effect of so much barging around aloft in the dark.

ONE gathers that this night raiding, in which I had no personal experience, was a great lark. The pilot and his observer, if they had no moral objections to a drink, frequently carried with them a bottle of mixed rum and water—a quart bottle, if you please. And the minute they laid the last of their eggs they would split this between them.

Imagine the setting for a snort. Bruges alone was credited with having twenty-five pairs of searchlights and 500 anti-aircraft guns. Zeebrugge and Ostend were similarly equipped.

The sound of the Handley-Pages was no sooner heard than the Germans unloosed an inferno of fire and light. The sky was cut and cleft with sweeping fingers of searching brilliance—and there was nothing more trying than to be caught and held, trying to wriggle out, by the dazzling beams of a brace of searchlights.

You felt positively naked up there.

Then, there was the din. You might see the blazing splashes of your bursting bombs, but you could not hear them with the massed roar of the guns. The air was shattered with the whee, whang, snap, and crackle of the shells.

At times, the heavens seemed filled with the beating of carpets. Their barrage threw up a solid curtain of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE put an air raid on London into the ash can, together with a lot of German planes and equipment.

AND the minute they laid the last of their eggs they would split the bottle between them.

[NIGHTHAWKS Cont'd from Page 17]

black smoke, flaming to life in myriad jets of red, so that you wondered how you could ever get through.

Then, there were the flaming onions—those strange strings of luminous green globes spiraling up with uncanny ease—which were a mystery to every pilot who ever met them. They were not incendiary. They did not explode. They often bumped against planes and then went on upward.

Add the r-r-rat-tat-tat of your own machine guns as they slung down the long gleams in an attempt to smash the searchlights at the end of them, and the r-r-rip of machine guns from attacking scouts, and you get an idea of the ear-splitting, air-rent, darkness-smashed Hades in which they flew.

But that never prevented the pilot and his observer from performing their rum ritual at the correct moment over the submarine base which they had been trying to smash.

"Here's to the bloody war!"

The long shot of rum made them feel bucked as kids at a picnic. Whooping with joy, they would heave out in derision any old junk which they might have held for this sublime moment. Then they would barge through the barrage for home, howling ribald songs to the tune of their roaring motors—songs that were lost in the rush of the wind.

Great stuff, this night bombing! There was a kick to it that was lacking even in high offensive patrols. The quick outward flight, the stealthy sneak-up in the vast darkness over the silent objective, with motors shut off or idling, the sudden pandemonium as hell cut loose below, the exhilaration of burst and thrust, the breakaway through the barrage for home—that was fun, like fox-hunting.

Of course, there was always the chance of a shell and—well, oblivion quick, in little pieces falling all over Belgium as the bus blew up. But that gave it a zest.

Lad remembers only one plane being hit directly. It vanished with a sharp, red bang.

DOC SIMMONS brought his Handley-Page back one night with a gaping hole clean through the fuselage, top and bottom. A shell had evidently gone up through without bursting. It had passed between the longerons without even scratching them.

All that happened was that the gun-layer in the rear pit was nearly blown out to sea by the sudden rush of air. He had had to hang on with his teeth all the way home. Doc himself was not even aware of his close shave until he saw his tail at the airdrome.

Of course, planes were frequently hit and men were wounded with bursting shrapnel and bits of broken shell; but direct hits were rare. And Lad has no recollection of a Handley-Page being brought down by an enemy scout.

For the most part, defense planes gave the big birds a wide berth. The latter had scarcely a blind spot. Two guns in the front on scarf mountings and four at the back capable of swiveling all over the sky—one had to be careful not to shoot off one's own undercarriage or tail fins—made attack undesirable.

The only night bomber which Lad Johnson can recall being brought down from the air was shot down by one of our own Camels.

A squadron of night-flying Camels had an airdrome about half a mile down the road from the Handley-Page drome on the Somme. The unfortunate pilot was hot-headed Irish Owen Malone.

He had been raiding Tournai, and was on his way back, flying along nicely, well inside the British lines, just about three miles from home, when, without warning, he was dived on by a fast scout.

There was no chance to dodge or riddle him. Whanging full out at him, this nervy lad in the Camel shot away Malone's controls, plugged his plane full of holes, and sent him crashing to the ground.

It was hard to smash up a Handley-Page. Owen and his crew landed unhurt.

He reached the mess, breathing flames. "I'm bloody well sure," he said, "it was one of our own Camels. If I could lay my hands on the—"

AT that moment a car was heard outside, and a young pilot popped in. He was English—pale and panting.

"I say, I say," he said, "I—I think I've shot down one of your lads—what!"

Grrr! Malone, speechless but frothing, immediately launched an assault. Four men had to hurl themselves at him, and barely held him.

"I say, I say—I'm sorry, you know."

The English pilot backed up, almost weeping with apology.

Grrr! Again Malone made a sound like a hungry bulldog; but the others had him fast.

"Listen, you crazy pup—listen! Hear what he has to say."

And at last he stood like a tied terrier, bristling, while the other explained.

A squadron of German Gothas, it appeared—big bombing planes similar to our Handley-Pages—had come over to raid the drome during the time Malone was away. The Camels had gone up after them.

This chap had picked out one and had followed right after him. He must have been full out to get him, too, for his own bus was pretty badly shot up. The Gotha had finally dived into a cloud. And he had piled in after him.

When he came out—there, right in front of him, was a big bomber. The Gotha, he thought. He did not wait to ask for its birth certificate. Right under his nose—cold meat. He ripped out a long burst. He saw it flop, swung over it—and nearly passed out.

By Jove, he had thrown the hooks into a Handley-Page!

"You know," he said, "when I came out of that cloud, I didn't jolly well wait to see who it was."

"Oh, hell!" said Malone. "Have a drink. It takes more than one Englander to kill off an Irishman."

On the other hand, it was rarely that a bombing plane winged a scout. But one audacious fellow who tried to bag a Handley-Page went down in flames.

It was not unusual for Handley-Page squadrons on their way to bomb the coast towns to meet Gothas hoicking off for a raid on London.

They were unaware of one another until they loomed up as shadows that whizzed quickly by and were lost in the darkness. Sometimes they whipped past within 500 feet. There was never time for battle. Just a flash in the night and they were gone.

Perhaps the rear guns of each plane might send out a short burst, but that was the limit of their battling. They kept on to their in-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Women know that everybody enjoys this soup!

What a comforting thought that is! To be sure that the meal will begin with a soup which puts everybody in a happy mood!

For Campbell's Tomato Soup is without a rival in popularity. Its sunny, enlivening flavor gives an instant sparkle to the appetite.

"Captured Sunshine" might well be another name for it. Pure tonic tomato juices. Luscious tomato "meat." Strained to a smooth puree, enriched with golden butter, seasoned as only Campbell's French chefs can do it. What a delight to the taste! 12 cents a can.

Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. For a Cream of Tomato Soup follow simple directions on label.

The Campbell's way I'm here to say
Is easy as can be.
It's quickly done, now comes the fun—
Just leave the rest to me!

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Woman's Greatest Hygienic Handicap

As Your Daughter's Doctor Views It

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at drug or dry goods stores,* simply by saying "Kotex."

Because of the utter security this new way provides, it is widely urged by physicians—ABSOLUTE SECURITY, plus freedom forever from the embarrassing problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SIXTY per cent of many of the commoner ailments of women, according to many medical authorities, are due to the use of insanitary, makeshift ways in meeting woman's most distressing hygienic problem.

For that reason, this new way is widely urged today. Especially in the important days of adolescence. On medical advice, thousands thus started first to employ it. Then found, besides, protection, security and peace-of-mind unknown before. Modern mothers thus advise their daughters—for health's sake and immaculacy.

Protection women KNOW is real

Kotex is more than a "sanitary pad"—it is scientific protection in the full sense of the term.

(1) Kotex is the only sanitary pad in the world today filled with *Cellucotton* wadding, the super-absorbent of modern scientific attainment. Thus Kotex absorbs *16 times its own weight* in moisture! Thus Kotex is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad!

(2) Kotex is scientifically designed for *safe* and comfortable wear. It is scientifically measured to allow ample gauze covering and strong gauze ends for pinning, to *eliminate absolutely* all chance of mishap.

(3) Kotex actively *deodorizes.* Years of scientific research were spent in developing this obviously important factor.

No laundry

Kotex, too, ends for all time the embarrassing problem of disposal. One uses it, then discards it—*as easily as tissue.*

Ask for them by name—Kotex

"Genuine Kotex" is plainly stamped on every box. If offered a substitute said to be "like Kotex"—beware. Imitations are, we are told, being offered for the sake of higher profit by some stores, as the "same as Kotex." They are not. *Watch out.*

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex. Obtain at any store in boxes of 12 pads. Two sizes, Kotex Regular and Kotex-Super. Eight in 10 better-class women, throughout America, employ this unique and *certain* protection.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

dividual objectives as if they had not met.

Red tape had some funny twists to it. Frequently, men in Handley-Page machines passed over enemy airdromes whose lights showed them in the act of dispatching bombers, as often as not, to raid London. But the British machines, routed for one of the Belgian coast towns, did not dare turn aside and nip such an attack.

If the squadron's orders called for Zeebrugge, then Zeebrugge it had to be. They were not allowed to pick up cold meat on the way, even though it sat on ice waiting for them.

One night a British pilot acted off his own bat. He sighted an active airdrome over by Thourout, and swung aside on the chance of laying a few eggs to make the world that much safer for democracy.

Soon he made out the blurs of a number of machines near the hangars lined up for taking off. Then a searchlight caught and held him.

He pulled a nervy trick, for he was pretty low and the Germans were doubtlessly fingering their Archies.

It was the custom for our night planes, challenged thus on their return to a British drome, to flash their number and then, the color of the night. This might be red, blue, or green, the color being changed nightly to guard against spies.

Evidently the Germans had a similar rule.

Still in the beam of the searchlight, this chap took a chance—and flashed red.

Red happened to be the German color of the night!

The Huns took him for one of their own. They turned on the hangar lights and waited for him to land. He was very low by that time. Swinging in over their heads, he deliberately dropped his full complement of bombs where they would do the most good.

He put an air raid on London into the ash can, together with a lot of German planes and equipment.

Was he decorated? He was not. The Wing Commander sent over a severe strafe for disobedience to orders. This was dutifully delivered by the squadron C. O.—and then he bought him a drink.

BOMB raids called for a different technique and a different set of nerves from our daylight patrols and dog fights. The pilots became nighthawks, whose activities were entirely after dark. I am speaking of the night bombers, for there were day bombers as well. The day was the night bombers', to do with as they pleased.

They might sleep all day long, or drink, or joy ride in their big busses. The Handley-Pages used forty gallons of precious gasoline an hour, but I have heard of a pilot going on a long flip to collect his laundry.

Here was another example of the complexities of red tape. At some dromes it was almost impossible to get an issue of gas for a short ride on a motorcycle; but the night-bombing pilots might waste all the gasoline they liked, dropping over to another drome for tea or hoicking across to Calais to call on a lady.

A friend of mine was once sent a considerable distance by his squadron commander for a case of champagne. The latter wanted the wine badly.

"Smash the old bus all you want," he said, "but don't spill the drinks."

It was a point of honor with the night bombers that they should not become soused before 10 P. M., and then only if the night looked hopeless for flying. If the weather showed the slightest sign of clearing, they had to stay sober until 1 o'clock in the morning—a very great hardship.

One ack emma was the washout hour. Night raids after that were unusual. But at an even later hour, when the pilots had turned in and were deep in their first beauty sleep, the weather might take a sudden change, and the bugle would blow: "Come on out and go to war."

Then—likely as not—they would pull on their flying clothes over their pajamas, flip over to Ostend or Bruges, spew forth several tons of unexpected destruction, and be back, catching up on their sleep, within the hour.

It was not uncommon to send them out twice in a night. This was a purely arbitrary proceeding. The Wing would have a fit of zeal to win the war. "The boys are not bombing enough." And off they would go a second time, like cats in the dark.

Toward the end of the war, bad weather was not enough to keep them on the ground. A tearing thunderstorm was about their only excuse.

Indeed, the pilots got to be able to find the way to their Belgian objectives almost with their eyes shut. Even on the darkest night, the coast of the North Sea showed up sufficiently to guide them. On a night of stars but no moon, it was easy to pick out roads, railroads, and especially rivers or canals.

Their objectives were fixed by the double canal which ran from Zeebrugge into Bruges, discernible always as a silver streak. It was up this the Germans sent their subs sneaking into huge concrete shelters at Bruges.

The legend ran that the damage done in the three towns by those night raids was tremendous, and that 100,000 men had to be kept constantly employed on repair work.

The boys themselves were very doubtful about ever hitting anything. They had no way of checking up. The orange-red flash of a bursting bomb was all they could see from a mile up.

Theoretically, enough bombs were dropped, and ammunition shot away, to have wiped out the whole of Europe. But the bombs especially were as hit-and-miss as a blind man's fishing.

Nevertheless, several thousand tons of bombs were dumped on these Belgian towns—or thereabouts. It must have been a nerve-shattering experience for the defenders. In addition to attacks from the air, there were the naval bombardments. Zeebrugge was the special target for British battering from the sea.

One night in March, 1918, a tremendous attempt was to be made to destroy Zeebrugge, the air force and the navy co-operating.

Now, the night air over Zeebrugge and the other towns was decidedly unhealthy, and no flier cared to linger in the vicinity one second longer than was necessary to release his bombs and beat it. But this time two squadrons of Handley-Page planes were told to stay over Bruges and Zeebrugge all night!

The schedule of the twenty machines was so arranged that at all times there would be two or three of them over one or the other of the towns, bombing. The aim was to keep the Huns' eyes glued aloft while a big fleet of destroyers and monitors sneaked in and smashed the mole at Zeebrugge.

It was a lovely war for the bombers, from dark to dawn.

Skittering in and out of the beams of a hundred searchlights in the two towns, strafed by a thousand guns, playing tag in a murderous barrage all night long, they kept at their pinch hitting. They watched and prayed for the navy to crack out a smacker that would split the game wide open.

But hour after hour passed and the navy made no move. The navy gave no sign. Up there in that general hell, the airmen carried on, wondering and cursing, but carrying on. They thought, you see, that at any minute the guns of the navy would cut loose.

But the navy, like *Bre'r Rabbit*, continued to lie low. And the navy overlooked the trifling detail of sending word that the wind was wrong for a smoke screen, and that there would not be an attack that night.

SO the Handley-Pages carried on their futile bombing. Two of them were hit and snuffed out in sudden sheets of explosive flame. And when, toward morning, the others came back to the drome, they found the place blown to bits by a Gotha raid. Four machines piled up on the seashore at Dunkerque when they tried to land there instead.

In the mess an hour or two later, two squadrons in their pajamas put off going to bed and sat drinking whisky. For they felt like the wrath of Jupiter. Their theme at the moment was the British navy. In curses deep and long, they sent it many times to the bottom of the North Sea, especially the admirals—oh, yes, especially the admirals.

Now, it happened that they were just warming up to their subject when the Wing Commander entered, and in his wake was a whole flock of admirals, vice admirals, and rear admirals—all gold braid and consequence.

Discipline told—and the air force was by no means long on discipline—and the pilots got to their feet.

"Gentlemen," the Wing began, "Admiral Sir George Top-Lofty wishes to congratulate—"

The pilots behaved with admirable restraint. In all the dignity of their pajamas and half-shot state, they turned on their heels and walked out of the room.

A British admiral had not been treated with such contempt since Rule, Britannia! was written. But it showed the blooming navy that they couldn't play tiddledywinks with night bombers, by Jove!

In Angel-Face, Elliott White Springs has spun another rollicking yarn of the flying service. Read how a London lady drank her way into the heart of a war bird and staggered out again, in next week's LIBERTY.

Germany in arms feared this American kid. Yet he frequently disregarded military orders in order to play with French orphans. Read his story in LIBERTY.

Next Week—

The amazing love affair of an American air warrior in London and a beauty of the musical-comedy stage.

Watch for—

Angel-Face

By

Elliott White Springs

In Next Week's LIBERTY

Alfred Cheney Johnston photo

ONE of the reasons the not-so-tired business man goes to the Ziegfeld Follies—Helen Brown.

Plots, Plays,

Behind the Scenes in the Broadway Show Shops

An Article by BURNS MANTLE

(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE theater year in New York had, by deep October, resumed its normally abnormal course as the slightly contaminated source of supply of a nation's dramatic entertainment. As follows:

Fifteen managers had told twenty-two reporters that it was, in fact, a better season than usual. Each of them was at the moment entertaining a hit.

Fourteen women's clubs had put the popular drama on their lists of weekly talks, and six lecturers had informed the ladies that the decline of the drama was proceeding alarmingly, but that they need not worry: the good common sense of the American people would eventually save the day.

Twenty-six disgusted devotees of the arts had written the Police Commissioner and the District Attorney, informing them that when Basil Rathbone was forced into an assignation with Mary Nash, as the wife of the *Spanish War Minister* in a play called The Command to Love, and thereafter conducted himself in a manner no gentleman should be permitted to copy with impunity, he was endangering the morals of the young.

The play, they said, should be suppressed. The District Attorney agreed to look into it.

Twelve mothers had written, also to the Police Commissioner, that if a stop were not immediately put to the appearance of nude women on the New York stage, something would be done about it. The Police Commissioner promised to take action.

The early season in the play capital has not, however, been without its more novel contrasts.

There were, for one thing, more successful plays running in November than I remember seeing so early in the season for many years. Fifteen shows were in demand at the higher-priced brokers. And another thirty were doing well.

As to their quality it is not so easy to speak with enthusiasm. There probably are not more than two ideas shared by the fifteen most successful entertainments. Seven of them, in fact, are musical, and the trick of keeping ideas out of musical plays has virtually attained perfection in New York. But either there has been less nudity on stage display this season than for the last half-dozen years, or there is something discouragingly wrong with my eyesight.

BASIL RATHBONE and Mary Nash in one of the piquant scenes from The Command to Love to which Miss Nash adds a dash of naughty-naughty by frisking around in silk pajamas.

While the last-stitch competition was rampant, and George White was trying to outstrip Florenz Ziegfeld, and the Messrs. Shubert were following no more than a short pair of blue panties behind, there were displays such as might shock any normally organized police commissioner. But not this year.

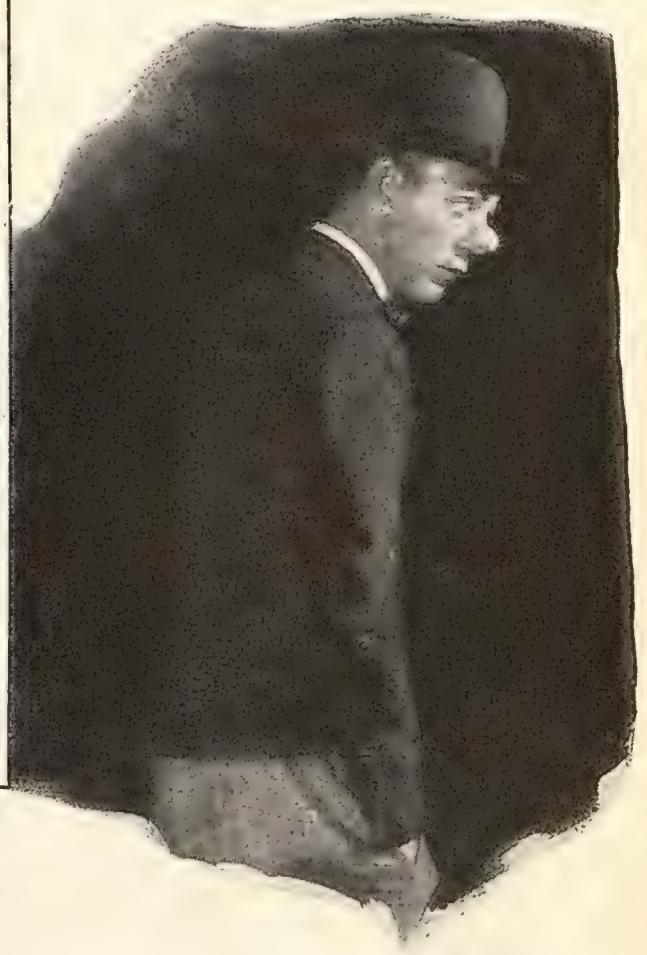
In fact, I am convinced the yardage in feminine body coverings has been increased at least a sixth, which brings the total up to half a yard to the girl. And a half-yard of cloth, skillfully maneuvered, covers a lot of girl.

But I admit there is not a great deal to boast of in the new plays. For one thing, we have gone in rather freely for shows about shows, plays with back-stage settings and stories about actors.

Years ago, when Mrs. Leslie Carter was the red-haired beauty of David Belasco's star list and approaching the peak of her career, he dragged into the first-act scene of Zaza such a medley of stage properties as never before had been exposed to the gaze of an audience.

The scene was the stage of a vaudeville theater in the French provinces. There were wind machines and galloping coconut shells, storm effects, and other mechanical aids.

AT the time there was talk, among professional people, of the harm such a scene might easily do the theater, by acquainting playgoers with the methods of creating stage deceptions. How could anyone, they asked, be expected to feel the approaching storm after he knew it was engineered by a lackadaisical stage hand turning a barrel arrangement that rubbed one tightly stretched bolt of silk against another?



HAL SKELLY, the alcoholic comic, in Burlesque.

Furthermore, it was objected by purity leaguers and others that when Mrs. Carter, sitting before her make-up shelf in the little portable dressing room at one side of the stage, powdered her ample pre-diet-day bosom, rouged her cheeks, and beaded her eyelashes in full view of the audience, she was doing much to dissipate the faith that credulous playgoers had in their favorite actresses.

Until that time plays having to do intimately with stage life had been few. There had been a number of dramas written around the lives of famous players: the Garricks, Bracegirdles, Woffingtons, and Lecouvreurs. But these dramas seldom went farther than the threshold of the stage door, or ventured more than tim-

and Players

idly into prettily hung boudoirs described as actresses' dressing rooms.

Of course, there have always been plenty of so-called actresses on the loose in the drama. At least one for every bed in farce. But these have been professional enticers, specializing in bald heads and restless husbands; extravagant creatures given to curious "*Oo, la las*" and much noisy hilarity under the stimulation of champagne.

They kicked at chandeliers and high hats, and threw themselves riotously into old gentlemen's laps at the curtain cue. If it happened the plot was free of old gentlemen, their signal of identification was to give their short skirts a roguish hoist at their exit.

If they emitted the "*Oo, la la*" call at the same time, they were French actresses. Otherwise, they were just actresses.

FOLLOWING the exposure by Zaza, there were other plays about the theater. James Forbes wrote The Chorus Lady and The Show Shop. George Cohan put himself, or a chap very like himself, into one called The Song and Dance Man, and there was Sacha Guitry's Deburau.

Before any of these were heard of, Pinero had written the romance of *Rose Trelawny* in Trelawny of the Wells, in which the *Telfers'* theatrical boarding house and one scene on the stage of the Pantheon Theater brought audiences a little closer to backstage life, but it was the stage life of a past generation.

It has remained for this season to develop the true show of shows, the completely revealing cross-section drama of the show folk as they live and are.

Already, with Broadway held over and The Barker running through the summer, we have had no less than seven plays employing the theater as a background—and there are more to come.

New York, since August, has seen and approved the extravagantly successful Burleque and the less important but amusing Shannons of Broadway. It has pointed the finger of disapproval at Wild Man of Borneo, 10 Per Cent, Footlights, and Synthetic Sin, all with stage connections of some sort.

Also, the attitude of playwrights taking the theater as a subject has undergone a complete change. Once they took great pains to cover it with a glamour of romance and a gloss of fiction. Even as honest a showman as George M. Cohan was at more pains in The Song and Dance Man to establish his story than he was to perfect an exact picture of stage life.

James Forbes' Chorus Lady cut closer to the realities and reproduced more of the true stuff of the theater and the dressing rooms of its day than any other play had done. But the story was as phony as a crystal sparkler.

Philosophically, *Patricia O'Brien*, queen of The Moonlight Maids Amazon march and heroine of the Forbes comedy, and the girls in Broadway may be sisters under their powder, stirred to action by the same motives and getting much the same kicks out of life. But *Patricia* was a heroine who paid and paid, while the Broadway girls just charge and charge.

Eight years after he wrote The Chorus Lady, Forbes tried another play of the theater called The Show Shop. Sentimentally, it did the profession great credit and was splendidly played. Douglas Fairbanks was the juvenile and Patricia Collinge the ingénue.

Douglas, being a rich young fellow, wanted to marry Patricia, but she was an actress and her mother (Zelda Sears) would not hear of her leaving the stage. So Douglas went out and bought a terribly bad play, conspired with an old theater manager (George Sidney) to have it produced, and, to make failure doubly sure, agreed to play the hero part himself.

That failure, he figured, would be the end of Patricia's ambitions. But, as it turned out, the play was so freakish it proved a big hit.

The Guitry play, Deburau, which David Belasco produced in an English translation by H. Granville Barker seven years ago, was saturated with the atmosphere of the theater, but it was the atmosphere of another day.

There was a nice feeling for the theater in all these old-time plays, but it was not until we came upon this new passion for truthtelling by way of the drama that real dramas of the show folk began to appear.

BROADWAY, I suppose, started it, though I am inclined to think the credit should go as far back as What Price Glory. It was the shattering challenge to the old-line drama contained in that picture of war in the rough that gave a new impetus to the art of debunking the drama and the naming of names in the theater.

But Broadway at least turned again the attention of playwrights to the subject of the stage. The Barker followed shortly after with its story of the carnival shows and the grimy, lustful folk who follow them.

There is less romantic glamour and less fascination surrounding the tent-show characters of The Barker than there is around the flashier gals and bootleggers of Broadway. Otherwise I believe it's the stronger story of the two.

There is little showman's trickery and much of a common human problem in the story of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Alfred Cheney Johnston photo

Another sure cure for short-sightedness — Frances Upton of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Alfred Cheney Johnston photo

Murrel Finley (at left), another Ziegfeld beauty and a famous artists' model.

White photo

James and Lucile Gleason, wise-cracking stars of The Shannons of Broadway.

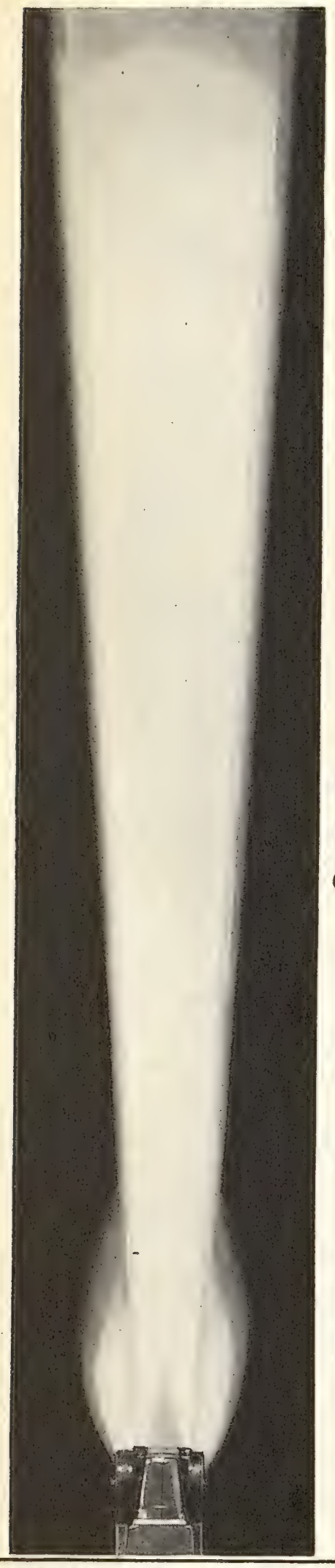
White photo

Barbara Stanwyck as Bonny, the slim-limbed beauty in Burlesque.

Vandamm photo

"Perfect" as always—Ed Wynn, the hysterics producer in Manhattan Mary.

FOR THE OPEN ROAD



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Guide

TILT RAY HEAD LAMPS

[PLOTS, PLAYS, AND PLAYERS Continued from Page Twenty-three]

Nifty, the ballyhoo, who set such store by his son *Charles.* The latter was to become a lawyer and lift the family name out of the muck of the cheaper show business.

Nifty had educated the boy and kept him away from the lot. And then *Charles* comes with the show for a summer's vacation, is vamped by *Lou,* the snake charmer, and marries her.

After The Barker came Burlesque. We began to hear of it late last spring—of how it had been written by a theatrical man, George Manker Watters, and peddled extensively before it found a taker in Arthur Hopkins. And of how all the wise folk of the town, coming upon the tryout performances, immediately wanted to bet somebody that it was a sure hit.

The facts are a good deal like that. Watters, who is in his middle thirties, has been an actor, but mostly he has had to do with the managerial end of the business. His father was a singer, and young George indicated an intention of following the hereditary impulse as early as his fifth year, when he performed in a theatrical entertainment in Des Moines, Iowa.

Later he left St. Louis University to become the manager of a vaudeville theater in Chicago. From that he drifted into company management, the organization of various stock companies, and finally into pictures.

All his savings and all his hopes went into the manufacture and attempted distribution of a film called The Naked Truth, and it was a complete failure. But the firm that bought the picture for much less than it cost the creator revived it afterward for a profit of several hundred thousand dollars.

This experience was embittering, and Mr. Watters was of a mind to have nothing more to do with show folk or the show business. For six months he kept clear of both. But at the end of that time he was back in the stock-company game in the South, nursing ideas for plays.

ONE he wrote and called Hot Air never came to production. The second, incubated in New York some months later, was Burlesque.

Something of spiritual expiation went into the writing of Burlesque, I gather from what Mr. Watters tells me. He had, he felt at this time, done show people an injustice all those months he had carried bitter resentment of them and their trade in his heart. He wanted to square himself with himself, so to speak.

When he went to sell Burlesque he invariably insisted to its prospective purchasers that it must reflect that which he thought it should reflect in the way of stage types and atmosphere, or there could be no production.

Several producers read Burlesque. Several liked it. But none was properly enthusiastic until Lawrence Weber got hold of the script. Weber took the play to John Golden, who could see it only as a possible picture of old-time burlesque. Then Weber took it to Arthur Hopkins, and there the play met its fate.

Hopkins believed in the play, but not the second act. He was for Burlesque if it could be fixed up. He asked Watters to do it. Watters tried and couldn't, but agreed that someone else might try. A week later Hopkins handed him a new second act, which Watters approved.

"It's great!" he said. "Who wrote it?"

"I did," replied Hopkins.

A SIMPLE story is Burlesque. Like most of the true-stuff dramas, it isn't the play that counts, but the way they do it.

Bonny and *Skid Johnson* are no different than dozens of other burlesque teams. She is the leading woman, he the principal comedian, of a touring burlesque troupe; she the dazzling, slim-limbed beauty, he the rough comic who does funny falls and wears a big red nose.

The play picks them up the night of several minor crises in their lives. Specifically, it is the night that *Skid* has an offer from Charley Dillingham to go on to New York and do his stuff in the Manhattan Follies.

In their professional lives these two have never been separated since they joined up with a tent show out West. *Bonny,* being a one-man woman, is still a little daft about *Skid.* He's a big bum, but she loves him. And *Skid,* though his love-life is considerably less restricted than *Bonny's,* can't quite picture trying to get on without her.

Wide World photo

Polly Walker as Molly Malone in The Merry Malones.

It never occurs to him that there is any likelihood of his having to try. *Skid* takes *Bonny* pretty much for granted. Even when she tries to stir his jealousy by inviting *Harvey Howell,* her big cattleman admirer, back to her dressing room to have a drink with her, *Skid* doesn't suspect a thing.

"It don't mean a thing to you to find your wife undressed, drinkin' with a strange man, does it?" *Bonny* charges, when *Howell* has gone.

"Well, as far as that goes, Bonny," answers *Skid,* "I've seen you more undressed than that on the stage, and God knows drinkin' with a strange man ain't goin' to hurt you, unless the hooch is bad."

Skid goes to New York, is the expected hit, and success wrecks him.

Within a year he is drunk half the time, has taken up with "that other dame," and is in danger of professional extinction.

Bonny, prepared to divorce *Skid* and marry the cattleman, *Howell,* goes to New York to pick out her trousseau, and she hopes to talk some sense into her old partner while she is there. But the comic is not ready to listen.

He wants to organize a party right there in *Bonny's* hotel room, and pretty nearly does it. *Skid* gets *Bonny* to singing and dancing

their old routine, and is having a gay time remembering the old days when *Howell* returns and the party just naturally goes blah.

Months later, another call brings *Bonny* on from the West. *Skid* has sunk to the gutter now, with his last chance fading. His show is to open Labor Day, and he has barely looked in upon a rehearsal.

Bonny finds him drunk and disreputable, but her faith is still sustaining. The next night she has him ready for the show. He is a little wabbly when they go into their old dance, a waltz clog to the tune of Suwanee River. *Bonny* notices it.

"How are you comin', honey?" she calls across to him.

"I'm all right," *Skid* answers.

"Do you think you can make it?"

"I can if you stick."

"I'll stick."

"For good?"

"Yes."

He stops dancing at that and, oblivious of the audience, is about to start toward her.

"Keep dancing, honey," she warns. "Keep dancing. . . . I guess it's like the guy that spliced us said. For better or for worse."

"Yeh. Better for me and worse for you."

"It's all right with me, darling."

They are still dancing as the curtain falls.

It is of vast help to the actor to know thoroughly the character that he is asked to play. The boys and girls of the Paradise night club in Broadway revel in the back-stage scenes of that drama. The players in The Barker may never have had actual experience with a street carnival, but they know intimately many players who have lived through such experiences.

Last season, when Willard Mack produced his drama, The Noose, he too had one scene played in the rear room of a night club. There was a quartet of dancing girls engaged for the floor show in the club, and one of them was involved in a love affair with the hero. Mack needed a particular type for this part and went to the night clubs and found her.

She was Rubye Stevens on the program, but her family name is Barbara Stanwyck. For the higher drama she resumed that name. Mack spent hours teaching her the rudiments of acting, coached her in the reading of lines, and discovered in her a latent talent for emotional expression which thrilled him. When The Noose was produced, Barbara Stanwyck scored a definite success.

When Hopkins was casting Burlesque he heard of Miss Stanwyck and sent for her. Giving her the leading part of *Bonny* to read, he was so pleased with her complete understanding of the girl, and her unaffected naturalness in reading the lines, that he engaged her.

Today her performance is classified by the experts of the drama as one of the individual triumphs of the season. And she who was an obscure night-club dancer is a leading woman on Broadway at $300 a week salary.

THE Shannons of Broadway, which is the second best of the new shows about shows, is also concerned with the adventures and misadventures of a married stage pair. The *Shannons* are from the cheaper vaudeville: *Emma*, a saxophone player and sometime singer; *Mickey*, the wise-cracking comedian. Quarreling a lot of the time, knowing each other through and through, understanding each other perfectly, they still like each other a lot in spite of these handicaps.

Their play background is not the theater, however. The *Shannons* are touring when their troupe is stranded in the town of Sutton. The weather being bitter, they go in search of warmth in the village inn. Here they find that show folk are not welcome.

Being permitted to stay until they are thawed out, they learn that the inn is for sale.

The *Shannons* never had a thought of going into the hotel business, but they scent a bargain of sorts, and they are a little mad at the proprietor because of his attitude toward the profession. On impulse they buy the place with the savings that were to go into a farm.

Their adventures are many and mostly comic. But they manage to straighten out the romance of a pretty girl and a mortgage banker's son, and to save the head waitress from betrayal by the star boarder. They also give succor to a second team of stranded mummers, and one day they welcome with great excitement that quartet of saxophonists, the *Melody Boys*, with whom *Mrs. Shannon* formerly trouped.

Finally they sell the hotel at a profit and go back to a new act. Some day they are going to make the Orpheum Circuit or explode.

Natalie Moorhead, Grant Mitchell, Nan Sunderland, Barlowe Borland, and Georgia Caine get all scrambled up over a Pekingese pup in The Baby Cyclone.

Sam Wren, Constance McKay, and Mary Boland in the boarding-house play, Women Go On Forever.

White photos

So much for the shows about the show folk. Let's turn to more recent fare.

This Command to Love, previously mentioned, is a bold play from German sources. In New York it is adroitly saved because it is played by a carefully, almost scientifically, chosen company of polite actors discreetly directed. John Tuerk, who owns it, waited a year, he tells me, for the players he considered right for it.

The play's most exciting and therefore most sensational scene is one in which *Gaston, Marquis du Saint Lac*, having been appointed attaché to the French Embassy at the court of Spain, largely because of his reputation as a Don Juan in Paris, makes ardent love to *Manuela*, the eager wife of the *Spanish War Minister*.

Gaston does not love *Manuela*, really. He is, in fact, rather securely bound in loyalty to the wife of his own *Ambassador*, who has long been his mistress. But he has been commanded to love *Manuela* for reasons of state. Her influence is needed in the matter of an African treaty.

The scene of conquest is made piquant to those of gay spirit, but not to puritanical complexes, by a sight of Mary Nash in the silk pajamas of *Manuela* made desperate by such farcical interruptions to the progress of her adventure as have enlivened boudoir farces from the days of Wycherley to those of Woods.

It is this scene, as well as the thought that such things can be in the higher political circles, that urges the protestant citizenry forward.

A second play that has aroused the opposition of the purifiers swings sharply to the other side of the stage picture. Women Go On Forever is its title. It is as sordid as a vice crusader's report; as cynical as a deportee's reminiscences.

It is the story of a boarding house and the lower-middle-class citizens who people it. *Mrs. Daisy Bowman*, the landlady, unimpeded by moral restraints herself, is yet one to demand certain moral standards of her boarders. Thus she seeks to protect her salesgirl roomers from her cheating men friends.

Her interests are often personally motivated, seeing that it is not her intention to support idle bums that they may mock her and her affections. But in the end she saves her blind son from the consequences of a murder, with which he is rightfully charged, by calmly arranging a second killing. She straightens out a girl helplessly alcoholic from the consequences of her weaknesses. She takes the preliminary professional responsibilities incident to the birth of an Italian lodger's baby, and reluctantly but righteously demands that the aging spinster, who has seduced the blind boy because he does not know that she is not beautiful and young, shall marry him.

After all this, there are those who say of *Daisy Bowman* that she is a good sort and wonderfully true to type.

Never having met her kind outside the theater, I do not know, but I strongly suspect that Daniel Rubin, the young Southerner who wrote the play, may be right about *Daisy*, which is his drama's one claim to respect.

Incident to the new season's unusual start was the arrival of George Michael Cohan with a couple of hits. The boy grows older but no less skillful in the writing and staging of popular entertainment.

HE brings a farce called The Baby Cyclone that is so human and so amusing in its exposures of character that I confidently expect it to scatter laughs over the country for another season or two. You may have heard that The Baby Cyclone is a play about a Pekingese dog. In title it is, *Cyclone* being the name given a silly pup born in a storm.

But in its comedy strength the play is a revealing farce in which six or eight foolish humans are stripped of all their foolish graces, their dignity, their pride, even their sense of humor, in an adventure involving the silly dog. A fairly plausible adventure, too.

The second Cohan play to find favor is another of his musical comedies extolling the virtues of the sentimental Irish, called The Merry Malones. Bald as a first-nighter, so far as any attempt at fine writing or intricate plot-building is concerned, The Merry Malones artfully capitalizes the determination of a Westchester millionaire to marry an Irish lass of the Bronx, and makes bold fun of its own plot as it proceeds.

As tourist and visitor information, I may mention that other items in this popular list of the early season include:

Bayard Veiller's The Trial of Mary Dugan, a familiar but interesting melodrama set in a new frame; Manhattan Mary, through which the inimitable Ed Wynn is trailed by his slightly hysterical audiences; Mr. Ziegfeld's newest Follies and his still dominant Rio Rita.

The Theater Guild's production of Porgy with virtually an all-colored cast; Katherine Cornell's personal contributions to a drama of doubtful value called The Letter; the sportive, peppily youthful and tuneful Good News; The Five O'Clock Girl, also musical; Mr. Ames' fine revival of The Mikado.

John Golden's venture with a reasonably clean and splendidly acted slum drama, Four Walls; Walter Hampden's dignified and fine revival of An Enemy of the People; an A. A. Milne fantasy called The Ivory Door; and two melodramas of better-than-average quality, Interference and Escape.

THE END

His youth, his adventures, his incredibly heroic death in France, will make you glad that you are an American. The life story of a great war bird begins in an early issue of LIBERTY.

GRAPHIC SECTION

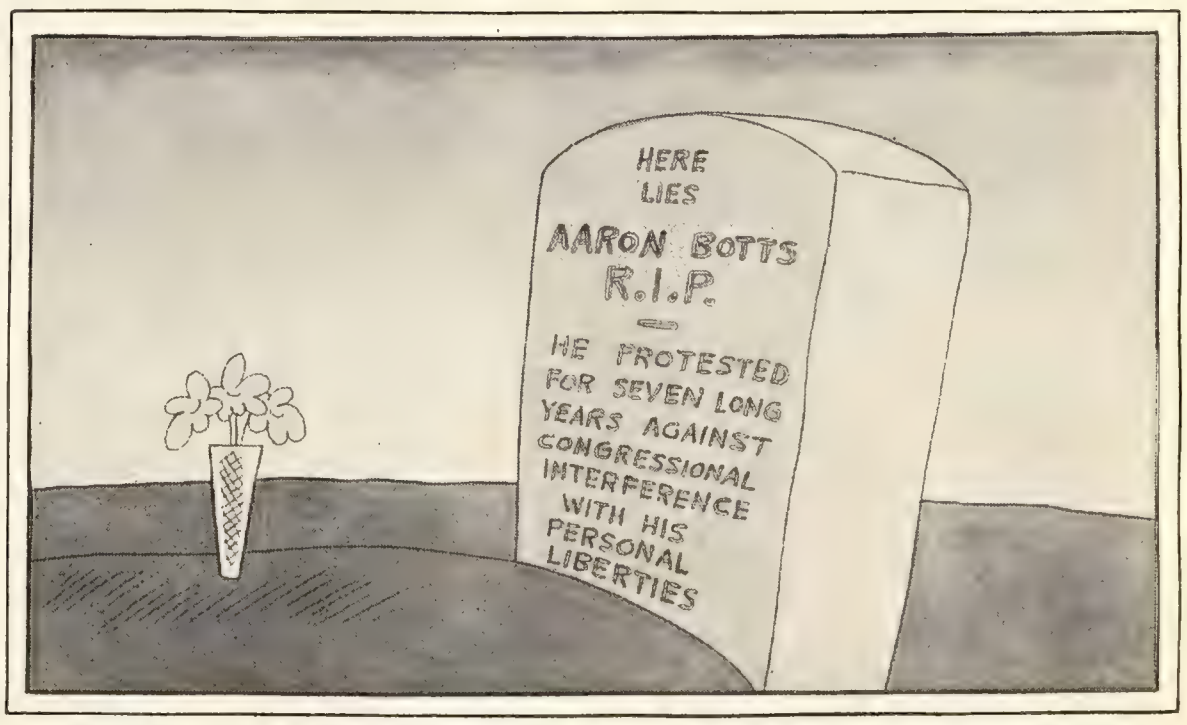
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

A HEARTFELT APPEAL FOR A GOOD CAUSE. (Note: Again we owe a humble apology to our readers and to the shopgirls. We meant to run this poster in the last weeks of November, and have kept putting it off, and putting it off, until here Christmas is over and gone. Better luck next time!)

CHICAGO MAN'S PRACTICAL INVENTION for timid persons living in poorly lighted districts. The Little Wonder Novelty Company's rubber Policeman and Night Escort weighs two pounds and may easily be carried in one-quart hip pockets. Inflated and carried at the side, it is guaranteed to frighten away all but the most hardened bandits.

USEFUL EMPLOYMENT FOR PERSONS DESIRING TO KILL some of the time saved by time-saving devices. Professional frowner and cigar-chewer frowning and chewing to relieve hard-headed, rapid-fire executive.



THE END OF A LOSING BATTLE AND THE SUNDOWN OF A MIGHTY DAY. A touching tombstone inscription of a gentleman who liked his glass of beer until the Hon. A. Volstead made the front pages.

RAIN *then* Warmer

Jeanne Eagels Steps Off into Old-Time Melodrama in Man, Woman, and Sin

A Film Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes.)

JEANNE EAGELS, that idol of the hard-boiled marines in the tropical sexcess, Rain, has a real movie opportunity in John Gilbert's newest film, Man, Woman, and Sin. She succeeds to the Greta Garbo rôle opposite the popular Mr. Gilbert.

To read the screen announcements, one would think this is Miss Eagels' celluloid début. But the actress made a number of tries at the galloping shadows in the past without causing a ripple; at old Thanhouser, World Film, and Pathé.

However, the powers that be at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios look upon Miss Eagels as a find and they are signing her for further studio miming. Miss Eagels had an interesting stage apprenticeship in the days before the movies had wiped out "the road."

She was born in Kansas City, her father being a Spaniard, while her mother was of Irish descent.

Lillian Gish faces a crisis in The Wind, her latest picture. Montague Love is on the floor.

Her father's real name was Eagelio. Jeanne made her début at the age of seven in a local entertainment. Shortly after, she went on the road in small companies, the sole support of her mother and her sister.

Miss Eagels grew up back stage in the little towns of the Middle West. She toured in a musical revue called Pickings from Puck. As the heroine of Buffalo Bill, Jr., King of the Wild West, she rode on the stage on a white horse.

It was while she was appearing in this melodrama that a drunken cowboy broke up the show by shooting holes in the scenery.

Then Miss Eagels achieved Chicago—in support of Richard Carle in The Pink Lady. After that she played on tour for two years opposite Julian Eltinge in The Crinoline Girl. It was the next season that Miss Eagels first attracted real attention, on tour in the Elsie Ferguson rôle of Outcast.

That brought her to Broadway in Daddies. Soon after came her sensational hit in Rain, which, as Sadie Thompson, is now being put into screen form by Gloria Swanson under the nervous eye of Will Hays.

In Man, Woman, and Sin, Miss Eagels plays the society editor of a Washington newspaper, being maintained in boldface and pearls by the owner.

The kid reporter, no other than Jack Gilbert, falls in love with her. When the newspaper boss bursts into the ornate apartment, the cub kills him. The reporter is tried and sentenced to be executed. No, he isn't hanged. You will have to see how he is saved.

This picture was written and directed by Monta Bell, who used to be a Washington newspaper man.

The city-room atmosphere is authentic enough, but the picture itself is tawdry and unreal melodrama. Gilbert does very well as the reporter, but Miss Eagels' performance is oddly indefinite.

Mr. Bell has taken strange chances with his film. He introduces President Coolidge into his story just a few feet after disclosing what used to be called a brothel. Man, Woman, and Sin will be kerosene to the reformers' matches.

LILLIAN GISH has finished her Metro-Goldwyn contract. The Wind, based on Dorothy Scarborough's novel, was one of her final films. This is a story of a sensitive little Southern girl, misunderstood and hated by everyone in an isolated Texas settlement, always haunted by the wind and whirling sand.

Jeanne Eagels, with Marc McDermott in a scene from Man, Woman, and Sin, adds a screen hit to her stage success in Rain.

The story, unfortunately, is not well developed. It appears choppy and unconvincing. For one thing, an improbable happy ending is tacked on a stark tragedy.

If Joseph Hergesheimer, George Jean Nathan, our own Sidney Sutherland, and other Gish enthusiasts will permit me to say so, there is too much of the distraught Lillian hounded by weather and a scoundrelly cattle dealer.

In fact—and again we apologize to Joe, George, and Sidney—Miss Gish, in our humble opinion, does not seem real anywhere. Lars Hanson does the best acting of The Wind.

Somehow, the Gish legend—of her fragile Duse genius—always leaves us cold. We simply can't get worked up about it.

Let authors and college professors write their sonnets to Lillian Gish. You will find us in the nickelodeon around the corner watching Greta Garbo.

Do you know that—

Robert Flaherty, who made Nanook of the North and Moana, is sailing for the South Seas to do White Shadows? . . . Lars Hanson will have the leading rôle, but the company will be native? . . . Metro-Goldwyn is going to do a superspecial of the Mississippi flood? . . . Having tackled baseball, football, and golf, William Haines is now doing a polo story?

He scorned formations and fought alone. They called him yellow until he astounded the fighting world with his courage. It will all be told in LIBERTY soon.

Little Johnny Sokilow

A Famous Sprinter Tells a Football Yarn

A Short Story by

CHARLEY PADDOCK

Pictures by R. F. SCHABELITZ

(Reading time: 20 minutes 40 seconds.)

"FIVE thousand a week and worth every cent of it." That was the way J. J. Jones, business manager of the Rangers, characterized his star half back, little Johnny Sokilow.

Besides getting the highest salary check in either professional league, little Johnny also took a cut of the gate. And he gave full value for the money received. Any football fan would tell you that, and every sports writer in the country who had seen him play said that he was the fastest, trickiest, cleverest back the game had yet produced.

For little Johnny Sokilow could kick like Thorpe at his best, run like Eckersall, swerve like Grange, pass like Muller, and plunge like Nevers. He had everything. And what made him the sensation of the gridiron was his marvelous stamina. He could go at top speed through sixty minutes of play and then he could come out two days later and repeat. And he had been doing it through the entire season.

He specialized upon the second and fourth quarters. He carried the ball on virtually every play during those periods, and when the gun sounded for the end of the first half, it would appear impossible for him to come back for the third quarter. He seemed all run out. And yet, when the rest period was over he would trot back on the field as fresh as a daisy and start in all over again.

Little Johnny Sokilow had several peculiarities on the field. He played altogether different brands of ball in the first and second halves. He always commenced a game by kicking. He could punt sixty and seventy yards with ease and precision. And they were high, lazy punts that sailed along so slowly that the ends had plenty of time to get down under them.

He seemed to lie back and wait for the breaks of the game, and his punting forced the opposing eleven toward its own goal line. Then, when Johnny's team got the ball, Sokilow would drop back and send over a place kick. Angles and distance seemed to make little difference to him. He rarely missed.

At the start of the second quarter, whether his kicking strategy had been successful or not, he changed his system. He commenced to run with the ball. Not four or five times in a row, but every time. He would slide around the ends or slash through tackle. He would swerve and dodge and cut back with the agility of a rabbit and the speed of a whippet, and when he finally did break loose with an open field before him, it was just too bad. Nobody could catch him.

BOTH were startled by Irene's voice saying, "I am sorry, Mr. Sokilow, but Hadjan is looking for you."

It became a question, not of how many points he would roll up, but how long he would last at such a pace. And little Johnny always looked worn out when he left the field at half time.

But he came back so refreshed that the sports writers termed him the miracle man of the ages. Doctors examined him; physical-culture experts consulted with him; and nobody seemed able to understand what hidden fountains of stamina he called into play to enable him to recover so rapidly.

In the third period he never kicked the ball. He would have someone else punt, if it was necessary. He confined himself to passing. He threw the pigskin like a baseball. His throws were low, but so fast that they came to the receiver as though they had been shot out of a gun. He could toss the ball with accuracy up to fifty yards. Sometimes he threw much farther.

IF he had been able to do nothing else, little Johnny's passing would have been the sensation of the season.

He promptly forgot all about passing, just as he had discarded punting, when the fourth quarter rolled around. He went back to running with the ball, and he was just as sensa-

tional in the fourth period as in the second. He was all over the field, charging through the line and evading tacklers with a bewildering swerve of the hips that made grasping hands clutch air and nothing more.

Peculiarly enough, his running in the fourth period was no more akin to his running in the second quarter than Tilden resembles Nurmi. His leg action was entirely different, and tacklers who thought they had just about solved his open-field running in the first half found they had to learn all over again in the fourth quarter.

Little Johnny Sokilow was a sensation. His playing made professional football more popular than the college pastime, and at the close of the regular schedule Johnny's team went on tour, from Florida to California, and he never failed in a single game to satisfy the cash customers.

Toward the end of the trip, J. J. Jones scheduled a game against the California Comets in the Los Angeles Coliseum, and little Johnny took the field before the largest crowd he had ever encountered. Eighty thousand people were watching the game, and though it did not matter very much to them which team won, the contest had not been under way very long before about seventy-nine thousand were pulling for little Johnny Sokilow.

In that crowd, occupying one of the center boxes, were two old college cronies with their daughters. Donald Kent and Henry May had played on the varsity twenty years ago, and both possessed certain hidebound traditions about college football that even the brilliance of little Johnny Sokilow could not entirely dispel.

"The boy's a wonder," said Kent to May; "but the spirit is lacking."

"You're dead right, Don," was the reply. "These people are here, not to see the Comets beat the Rangers, but to watch Sokilow play. And the boy can do anything with the ball. He is faster on his feet than Eckersall."

"But not as good as Heston!" said Kent.

"Oh, I don't know about that," answered May. "You must remember it's a long time since we saw old Heston carry the ball. He might have been a better line plunger, but he was not as fast, and he was not up against such a seasoned defense as this boy is facing. I am willing to give the old-timers their due, but I never saw such running in all my life."

While the fathers continued to argue about the merits of Johnny Sokilow, their daughters breathlessly watched the game. Their tastes were in perfect accord. They had been raised almost as sisters, spending their winters in Pasadena and their summers in Santa Barbara.

They had graduated from the same Eastern finishing school and had done Europe together. They knew each other as thoroughly as two girls can, and the first quarter had not ended before each was quite certain that the other was interested in little Johnny Sokilow.

Both of them knew their football. Their fathers had seen to that, and so they were able to appreciate fully the celebrated half back.

Before the first period ended they had both decided quite definitely that they would have to meet little Johnny Sokilow.

Though not particularly anxious for their daughters to visit the training quarters, the fathers were finally persuaded to give their consent. And after watching that second half they were as eager as their daughters to meet this phenomenal bit of humanity.

THEY discovered, upon reaching the neighborhood of the training quarters, that about 40,000 other football fans had the same idea as themselves, and though they were forced to abandon their purpose temporarily, the girls demanded that they be taken to the hotel where the Ranger team was stopping.

Riding into the city after the game, Kent said to May, "I suppose we will have to humor these girls of ours. They haven't any business meeting this youngster, but so long as they are determined, why, I wouldn't mind talking to him myself."

At the hotel, an endless string of assistant managers had to be interviewed before an introduction could be effected, and both fathers commenced to grumble that "in their day it was easy enough to talk to a football player, even if he did happen to be pretty good."

They expressed themselves somewhat freely to Henry Hickman, publicity director for J. J. Jones and his troupe of stars, when they at last cornered that dignitary. But he was not disturbed by their irritation.

"You forget, gentlemen," he said, "that in your day football was not very far removed from the sand-lot stage and you were lucky if the team made enough to buy uniforms. A good player might be known throughout the State, but you could count the national athletic celebrities on one hand and then not need all your fingers.

"Every man on the Rangers is known from the rockbound coast of Maine to Miami's balmy beach. Excuse me, gentlemen, a moment while I make a note of that line." The publicity director jerked a pad and pencil from his pocket. "You never know when you may need a phrase like that," he added.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

"I wonder if you could arrange for an interview," asked Henry May. "The girls are rather anxious to meet Johnny Sokilow, and we old boys wouldn't mind ourselves."

"Anyone else but little Johnny, anyone else at all," said Hickman. "He is just about impossible to see. Why, none of us has a glimpse of him ourselves more than twice a week, outside of playing time. He keeps to himself altogether: never visits with the other boys; never goes out; a queer duck altogether. Really, now, wouldn't Hump Taylor or Fat Armstrong or Red Tanner do just as well?"

BOTH girls had been listening to the conversation, and Helen May could restrain herself no longer.

"Irene and I wanted to meet Mr. Sokilow," she said. "Of course, if he is as exclusive as all that, I do not imagine that we would enjoy knowing him, anyway. But we are going to meet him, if it takes all winter!"

"Don't get me wrong, lady," answered Henry Hickman. "Johnny's a fine boy and we are all for him. It's not his fault that he keeps so to himself. He has to. Why, thousands in every town we play hang around the hotel for hours trying to see him.

"It's gotten so bad that he doesn't stop at the same places the rest of the fellows do. Lives alone with his trainer. And if you ask me, that's the bird who would bear some watching."

"He has his own private trainer?" asked Irene Kent.

"I'll say he does. And what a boy he is! He is an Egyptian, to begin with."

"An Egyptian? Now, isn't that too romantic!" exclaimed Helen.

"You are in love with Irene!" Helen exclaimed. "Why, I—that is to say, I—" and Johnny bowed his head.

"You wouldn't think so if you had to contend with him, lady, I'm telling you," said Hickman. "Why, that fellow causes no end of trouble. He not only keeps the kid away from company, and just lets him see the press at a certain time during the day, and nobody else at all, but he even goes so far as to snake Johnny away from the team between halves and lock him up in a private rubbing room, and nobody knows what he does to him then.

"But I'll have to admit that he sure gets results. Why, I've seen Johnny drag himself into that room between halves so banged up and altogether fagged out that the coach has told a sub to get himself ready for the rest of the game, and then I've seen Johnny come out looking like he had just gotten a thousand bucks from home or his picture on the front page again. It's actually spooky what that son of Egypt can do with Johnny in ten minutes."

"See here," asked Donald Kent; "hasn't anyone watched the boy's trainer to see what he is doing to him? Why, he might be giving him dope or ruining his health by some unethical practice."

"Well, if he is, he'll just keep on doing it, then," replied the publicity director, "because nobody is going to monkey with what that boy or his trainer wants done, not if J. J. knows it. Some have tried it. Some of the fellows on the team got curious, and J. J. said he would fire them if they didn't leave Johnny and the Egyptian alone.

"Between ourselves, one little peek on the part of any of our gang and Johnny would leave us flat. That's gospel truth. But it's great copy for the papers, no foolin', and the way that trainer dresses is a caution.

"He is rigged out in his native costume, he says, with a long robe and a cloth headpiece wrapped around his dome, and would you believe he's even got a veil that just about covers his face? You see his eyes and one swarthy cheek and a bit of his nose, and that's about all. But he is well set up despite that, and if he wants to dress like a hick, why, there is nobody in our crowd going to stop him."

And Henry Hickman looked about him with the air of a man who will brook no contradiction.

THIS description of little Johnny Sokilow and his trainer had only served to whet Irene's and Helen's curiosity, and their fathers realized that the pair were desperate to meet the gridiron hero. The men knew what it was to cross the modern girl, particularly when that girl happened to be beautiful.

"We wouldn't upset your regular routine, Mr. Hickman," said Donald Kent. "After all, this is hardly the time or the place to meet Mr. Sokilow. You play your next game a week from today here in Los Angeles, and the fol-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LITTLE JOHNNY SOKILOW
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

lowing Saturday you have a game scheduled for San Francisco. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir," said Henry Hickman.

"Now, suppose after your Los Angeles game you should stop off at Santa Barbara on the way north and play an exhibition contest there. It would be an extra game for your schedule, and anything that you made would be velvet. How would that appeal to your manager?"

Hickman caught the idea at once, and his eyes glistened. "Why, I believe that something might be arranged satisfactorily for us all. I don't suppose by any chance that you would have room, say, for Johnny Sokilow and his trainer at your home, while the rest of the team stayed at the hotel?"

Seeing that he had struck the right chord, Hickman continued: "Or perhaps, now, it might be possible for Johnny to come along soon after the Los Angeles game and rest a couple of days in Santa Barbara before the match there?"

The girls did not wish to appear overanxious, and left their fathers to arrange the details. The difficulty of seeing little Johnny Sokilow had only served to increase their interest in him, and they looked forward with an eagerness they could not conceal from each other toward the possibility of an exhibition game in Santa Barbara.

The matter was definitely decided in a much shorter time than they had anticipated, owing to the liberality of their fathers. The date was set—Wednesday, the eleventh—and Johnny Sokilow and his trainer had agreed to stay at the home of Donald Kent. Irene, of course, invited Helen to spend that week with her.

Late in the afternoon of Sunday, the eighth, little Johnny Sokilow arrived with his trainer. He was met by Mr. Kent and his friend Henry May and comfortably lodged in the guest suite. A room at the other end of the wing had been prepared for his trainer, but Johnny politely requested that the Egyptian room with him, and explained that he gave him treatments before retiring and was otherwise quite necessary.

KENT and May were taken with young Sokilow. He knew how to handle himself and was plainly a man of college education and breeding. He belonged.

The fathers hastened to inform their daughters of their first impressions. Irene and Helen smiled knowingly. They had been sure all along that little Johnny Sokilow was a prize catch, and each girl was wondering just what her method of attack would be and if she was destined for success.

They met at dinner, that most trying of all places for strangers to become acquainted. The girls concluded that Johnny was good to look upon, with his reddish-brown hair, his blue eyes, and his almost swarthy complexion.

He had a great smile that lighted up his face, and he seemed to be always smiling.

When he looked at Helen he did appear shy, Irene thought; and at such moments Helen's conversation was mildly insane, though Irene was sure that she had never seen Helen look so pretty.

Indeed, there was no question in Irene's mind but that Helen had a decided advantage, and for the first time in her life she was unwilling to congratulate her best friend. Before the coffee had been served on the porch, Johnny and Helen had slipped away.

"Why didn't they tell me that you were here?" he was saying to her, as they walked down a path through the garden. "Just another game, with more people to meet, I was thinking, and all the time you were waiting here."

"And I would have waited long enough," she laughingly answered, "if I had depended upon you to find me. Indeed, when I wanted to see you after the game, I could not. A Mr. Hickman was very nice; but he told me it was hopeless—that I could never get past your Egyptian."

"Hadjan is pretty strict," he admitted. "I suppose he has to be, though there are times when I wish he didn't watch me so closely."

"But you shouldn't allow anyone, least of all a servant, to dictate to you."

"You don't know Hadjan," replied Johnny. "And, besides, he is hardly a servant. He is my trainer and certainly the most valuable person I have ever met. But let's not discuss him. I never dreamed that a girl and a garden and a night could be so wonderful."

The next moment both were startled by Irene's voice saying, "I am sorry, Mr. Sokilow, but Hadjan is looking for you." And Hadjan, still wrapped in all his native finery, with his face muffled by his elaborate headdress, stepped from behind Irene and tapped Johnny on the arm.

"Eet ees time," said he in his broken English; and, almost without a word, Johnny bowed to the girls and followed his trainer into the house.

Irene and Helen hastily rejoined the family on the porch.

IRENE could not bear to remain near Helen. She was angry with herself for harboring unpleasant thoughts toward her dearest friend. There had been times in the past, of course, when they had quarreled and quickly made up their differences and confessed their inmost secrets to each other.

But Irene felt that she could never be so frank with Helen again. And she was ashamed. She excused herself and went inside.

She had no more than stepped into the hall when she saw Johnny Sokilow coming toward her. He had a happy smile on his face; caught her by the arm; and, before she knew it, they were walking down another lane in the garden.

They came in a moment to a small opening, from which one could glimpse the gorgeous panorama of the valley beneath the hill where the home of Donald Kent stood, and beyond the valley the moonlit sea and the bay of Santa Barbara.

"What a place!" Johnny said. "I wish I lived here all the time. I have never seen such a view."

"That is a compliment, from you," said Irene, "who have traveled all over the world."

"Why, I—" stammered Johnny, and then stopped short.

"Tell me about finding that Egyptian," she said. "Imagine having a trainer that comes from the Valley of the Nile and refuses to be Americanized! And I am quite certain that he is good-looking, too, beneath all of that headdress."

"He is not bad-looking," smiled Johnny. "But when it comes to beauty, I have never seen such a setting as this, nor one who more perfectly fitted it."

But the tête-à-tête was not prolonged, for Johnny had to excuse himself before Hadjan came for him again, he explained. He had merely slipped away to have these few minutes alone with her.

Both girls, sharing the same room, seemed in raptures that night, and though each imagined that the other was being duped, their dreams were happy ones.

Hadjan seemed to be forever watching Johnny Sokilow; and all day Monday, though Irene and Helen were both dying to have a word with Johnny, neither seemed to find a moment alone with him.

After dinner, Irene took time by the forelock and waltzed off with her hero. Helen consoled herself with the pleading look that Johnny cast her way as he went out with Irene, and she was sure that he had not forgotten.

Irene conducted her captive straight to the place where she had talked with him the night before.

"Why, this is the first time I have seen the view from this spot," said Johnny. "This is simply gorgeous."

"We were in this very place last night." Irene looked up at him curiously.

"Of course, of course. How could I forget it!" he replied.

"And I wish you would finish the story you started to tell me."

"I—that is—what story do you mean?"

"You don't remember? I am afraid that I am not a very good hostess. Perhaps Helen would prove more entertaining." And the poor girl turned and ran back to the house, with Johnny following. Just as he reached the door, Hadjan beckoned him to his room.

Helen saw Irene return. She did not feel any great amount of sympathy for her friend. She felt that Irene was using questionable tactics. So she did not accompany her to her room, but waited. And it was not long before Johnny returned. Though he bowed to her, he seemed to be looking for someone else. Helen at once surmised that he was hunting for Irene to offer apologies.

"Irene has retired," she said, and led the way to the garden. Johnny could do nothing else but follow. In a moment they were down the walk to the place where they had stopped the night before.

"Have you followed my advice about Hadjan?" she asked.

"What advice?" said Johnny.

"You don't remember? I am afraid that what I have to say does not impress you very much. I am sorry." And then it suddenly dawned upon Helen that Johnny had been in love with Irene all along and she had misinterpreted Irene's tears. "You are in love with Irene!" she exclaimed.

"Why, I—that is to say, I—" and Johnny bowed his head, while Helen left him there with as much dignity as her feelings would permit.

She went to her room, and with a sigh of relief found that Irene had moved to another chamber. Then she had a good cry. Though she could not know it, Irene was weeping just as bitterly. Needless to say, the dreams of each were fitful and broken and far from happy ones.

TUESDAY was a day that no one in the Kent household will ever forget. The girls did not appear until the evening meal, and then they had little to say. Johnny Sokilow remained in his room most of the day, and after dinner took a long walk with his trainer.

The fathers remembered how they had felt twenty years back just before a game, and did not worry. Each had staked a considerable sum on the next day's game, and though the best professionals on the Pacific Coast had been united into one great eleven for this battle, both Kent and May believed that the playing of little Johnny Sokilow would more than offset that.

They discussed it with Johnny at dinner that evening, and Johnny's only comment was: "Men rarely play well together for the first time, even though each may happen to be an All-American. As a matter of fact, I would rather play with ten boys who understand teamwork than with ten who are stars of their own elevens."

When he returned to his room Johnny Sokilow found two envelopes, one containing Irene's colors and the other Helen's.

Never had such a crowd gathered in the Santa Barbara bowl as on that Wednesday. Spectators had come from all the outlying towns to watch little Johnny Sokilow play football.

And the game was worth the attention it drew. The All-Stars knew football and played together better than any similar combination

the Rangers had ever faced. Each of them had been promised a bonus for victory, and besides that they wanted to stop little Johnny Sokilow. Each man had watched him in his two Los Angeles appearances. Some of them had played against him.

On the other hand, the Rangers had spent the final days before the Santa Barbara exhibition relaxing. They had played so much football during the year that they were tired of it.

Besides, they understood that the Santa Barbara game was a set-up. Even though they found out at the last moment the caliber of their opponents, their overconfidence was too deeply established.

The All-Stars won the toss and kicked the ball. Ned O'Brien, who had not fumbled all season, dropped the catch and an All-Star fell on it, ten yards from the Ranger goal line. In three plays, before Johnny's men could get organized, the All-Stars had scored a touchdown. Then they kicked goal.

After an exchange of punts, O'Brien dropped another kick and again an All-Star fell on the ball. History repeated itself, only this time it took four downs to push the oval across. Goal was again kicked. Fourteen to nothing and the game was not five minutes old!

JOHNNY, as always, was kicking in the first quarter. He stuck grimly to his regular plan of action, and every time he got his hands on the ball he drove it between sixty and seventy yards down the field. But the All-Stars were running back his kicks, and once the ball was returned so far that Johnny tackled the receiver of his own punt.

It was a heartbreaking first quarter, and his team mates pleaded with Sokilow to run with the ball. But he kicked again, and the Rangers, seemingly disheartened, allowed the runner to get away, and Sokilow was bowled over by the interference, the All-Stars scoring again. The goal was missed, leaving the count 20-0 against the Rangers as the first quarter ended.

The Rangers received the ball on the kickoff, O'Brien making ten yards. Then in three plays little Johnny Sokilow carried the pigskin across the All-Star line and afterward kicked goal. He had simply made wide end runs, and with a dazzling display of speed had outrun his opponents' fast back field.

The All-Stars took time out and went into conference. After that, on every play, they rushed little Johnny Sokilow. They tackled him with intent to knock him out, but each time he came bobbing up with a smile. Two of the All-Stars were thrown out of the game for unnecessary roughness, and the team was penalized so heavily that the Rangers scored their second touchdown.

But finally, on an off-tackle play, they piled on Johnny, and when the referee at last uncovered him, his left arm hung limp and his collar bone was broken. J. J. Jones and Henry Hickman carried him off the field, in spite of his protests.

Johnny was taken to his own training room, and after the doctor had set his broken arm and his collar bone, he asked to be alone with his trainer.

Before the half had ended, the Ranger eleven, demoralized by the injury to their star, degenerated into a second-rate high-school outfit, and the All-Stars scored two more touchdowns, making the count 34-14 in their favor.

Sympathy for the injuries to their hero united Irene and Helen again, and they sent a joint message to Johnny. And that messenger was the only one admitted to Johnny's room. To J. J. Jones and his faithful henchman, Henry Hickman, he sent word that he would have good news for them before the second half commenced.

As for the second half, there was nothing to it. Johnny passed and ran with the ball as he pleased.

And one minute before the game started again, Little Johnny Sokilow dashed out of his training room and raced toward his astonished team mates.

J. J. and Hickman rubbed their eyes and pinched themselves, and the doctor who had attended him not ten minutes before commenced to walk in circles, shaking his dazed head. The crowd howled in glee, and Johnny's team mates almost caused him to have a relapse by their hand-shaking and back-slapping.

As for the second half, there was nothing to it. Johnny passed and ran with the ball as he pleased and his team mates could do nothing wrong.

The All-Stars, who had seen Johnny injured, lost all interest in the proceedings. They were convinced that the man was not human and gave up without further struggle. Johnny and his team mates winded themselves running up and down the field, and the crowd was in such an uproar that the men could not hear their signals. But they didn't need any; and the scorer never did completely catch up with the count.

There was a general dash for Johnny's room as the final gun barked, but Johnny reached it first, and his team mates guarded the door.

"If the kid wants to be private," barked J. J., "he's earned the privilege and then some." And his word went. After the crowd had thinned out a bit, word went forth that Johnny would like very much to see two girls and their fathers.

WHEN Irene and Helen with their fathers were admitted, they found Johnny lying on his rubbing table, swathed in blankets. He was badly hurt.

"My arm and neck," he smiled feebly.

"Good Lord, boy, how did you play that second half?" Kent exclaimed.

"But I didn't," said little Johnny Sokilow.

As the fathers looked at each other in astonishment, Irene crept closer and saw that Johnny was clutching a ribbon. The tears sprang to her eyes, but she said to Helen, "Johnny needs you, dear."

But Johnny heard her and laughed back, "Someone needs you too, Irene." And turning around the girls saw—another Johnny Sokilow.

"You see," said the second Johnny, "we are twins."

Helen looked from one to the other in amazement. "But which one is Johnny Sokilow?"

"Neither one of us. I am Harvey Brown and that is my brother John. We were fair football players down South, and then went to different colleges.

"We wanted to make some money, and we thought that professional football would give us a good start. But as twin brothers on the same team we didn't think we would create much more than just a mild sensation. So we conceived the idea of playing half a game apiece, and it worked.

"The jig is up, I guess. Because Johnny is hurt too badly to play any more this season. Anyway, we have saved enough to go into business, which was our original idea."

"Wh-where is Hadjan?" asked Helen rather faintly.

"Why, I'm Hadjan sometimes and Johnny is Hadjan the rest of the time," said Harvey. "You see, we had to have an Egyptian or somebody like that who could stay pretty well covered up."

"A great stunt!" shouted Henry May. "And if you boys were clever enough to perpetrate such a hoax as that, you are plenty clever enough to succeed in business. We will see them through, won't we, Don?"

"If the girls are willing," answered Donald Kent. And they were.

"Gosh! But it's lucky we're twins," laughed Johnny as he sank back on the rubbing table.

THE END

The story of the life, exploits, and death of "the bravest flier of them all"—one of the great American sagas of the World War—begins soon in LIBERTY.

The SOVIET OIL

A Tragedy of Communist Misrule Seen through the Eyes of Europe's Petroleum King

Brown Bros. photo

An oil borer at work in the Baku fields; one of the men whose pay under Soviet rule averages no more than 32 cents a day.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article, Sir Henri W. A. Deterding, K. B. E., is the John D. Rockefeller of Europe. He is managing director of the Royal Dutch Shell Group, whose operations in oil extend over nearly the entire globe. Sir Henri authorized the publication of the following statement through LIBERTY.]

IT has taken ten years for the public to realize that something very wrong was happening in Russia, and to begin to interest itself in the unfortunate position in which Russia finds herself after the ten years of virtually unbridled terrorism to which she has had to submit. The public now is eager to learn and appreciate the truth; public conscience is rapidly awakening; and with it, as a consequence, the days of terror can be counted.

I am saying this, not as showing any anxiety to plunge into politics, but for the reason that writing before could not have the same consequences as doing so now. Before, the public in general was really not sufficiently interested; now, it demands to learn the truth, and nothing but the truth.

As regards the petroleum industry, to which I shall confine myself, the truth is an ugly one for the Bolshevik or Soviet government.

In June, 1918, that so-called government confiscated not only (as it is sometimes at pains to try to explain) the oil fields, but—without any attempt to compensate—also:

1. The refineries;
2. All drilling machinery, tools, pumps, etc.;
3. All stocks of oil;
4. All cash and securities;
5. Office furniture, and even trinkets and jewelry belonging to the employees.

Politically, this is called confiscation. Practically, all these objects were stolen, not by representatives of the people, but by a gang who, by controlling the army, had usurped the power to do something which would not have been tolerated otherwise.

The greater part of this theft was committed by non-Russians, because, an insufficient body of miscreants being available in Russia, the deficit was supplied from the Bela-Kun Hungarian gang, and also some of Bavarian fame, who had been timely unmasked then.

In fact, the usurpers can really be called an international gang, whose status was only "something" after various (fortunately, not all) governments had, perhaps for electoral reasons, recognized this gang as representing a people, knowing full well the falsity of such representation.

Let us now see what the result of the looting was to the thieves.

Assuming that the administration of communists may be effective, and (for a short moment only) taking as honest conviction the Soviet statement that they are superior to the old owners in managing the old properties, what may any unprejudiced individual expect after the confiscation?

Let him take into consideration:

1. The property having passed (until the court decides otherwise) into possession of the Soviet without payment;
2. All properties being worked as one;
3. No taxes to be paid;
4. No royalties to be paid;
5. Workmen (Mr. Lomoff's article in the *Izvestia* dated January 28, 1926) being paid less;
6. Previous frequent strikes being made impossible (by shooting strikers).

Surely the answer must be a very much lower cost price of the crude oil than before.

But what has been the effect?

While the old owners could produce crude oil on an average of fifteen *kopecks* per *pood* after paying:

1. 20 per cent taxes on profits;
2. 5 to 45 per cent royalties;
3. Higher wages for workmen—

the new owners produce the same product now at more than double the price and in no larger quantities.

While in all oil fields in the world the production since 1917 has considerably increased, the Soviet has barely attained the Russian prewar production, and this only by reason of the new Grozny Field, which was discovered by the old owners shortly before the war, and which, therefore, only began to yield considerable quantities in 1916-'17.

This all sounds like severe criticism; and criticism, without showing where improvement is possible, is poor and unconstructive.

But the reason for this state of affairs is plainly apparent to everybody who, like myself, has spent many decades in that greatest and most difficult of all industries.

Communism—the all-for-all theory, which since the Stone Age has been found impractical—presumes, or rather has for its basis, absence of egotism.

Well, no egotism, no reason why A should work harder than B, if A and B are going to share the proceeds of that joint work equally.

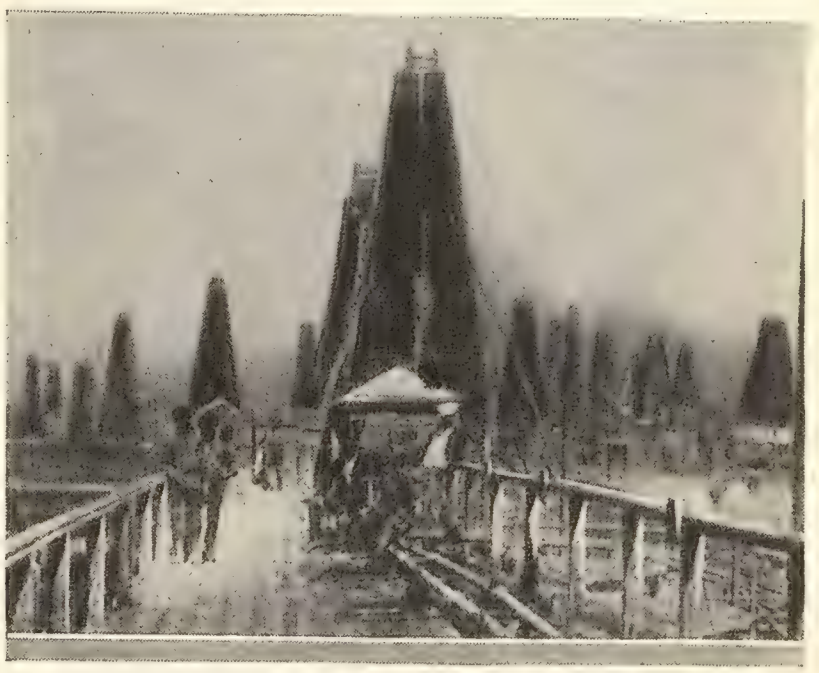
BUT the oil industry is so intricate, and wants such attention to be successful, that it is the last industry that can be run by communists or even by a state.

By the very nature of its size and the suddenness of its changes, it demands sudden and at the same time well considered decisions by its chiefs and the untiring devotion of all its workers.

No sooner does the industry in Russia become a state department than all enthusiasm, all energy, disappear, and the industry has to be carried on in a half-hearted way by several times more of the better-class workers than there were engaged in it previously.

So much for the production of crude oil itself; what as regards the products obtained?

We know of petroleum products exported from Russia which still retain superior products. These, because of unscientific working, have been left in the inferior exported article.



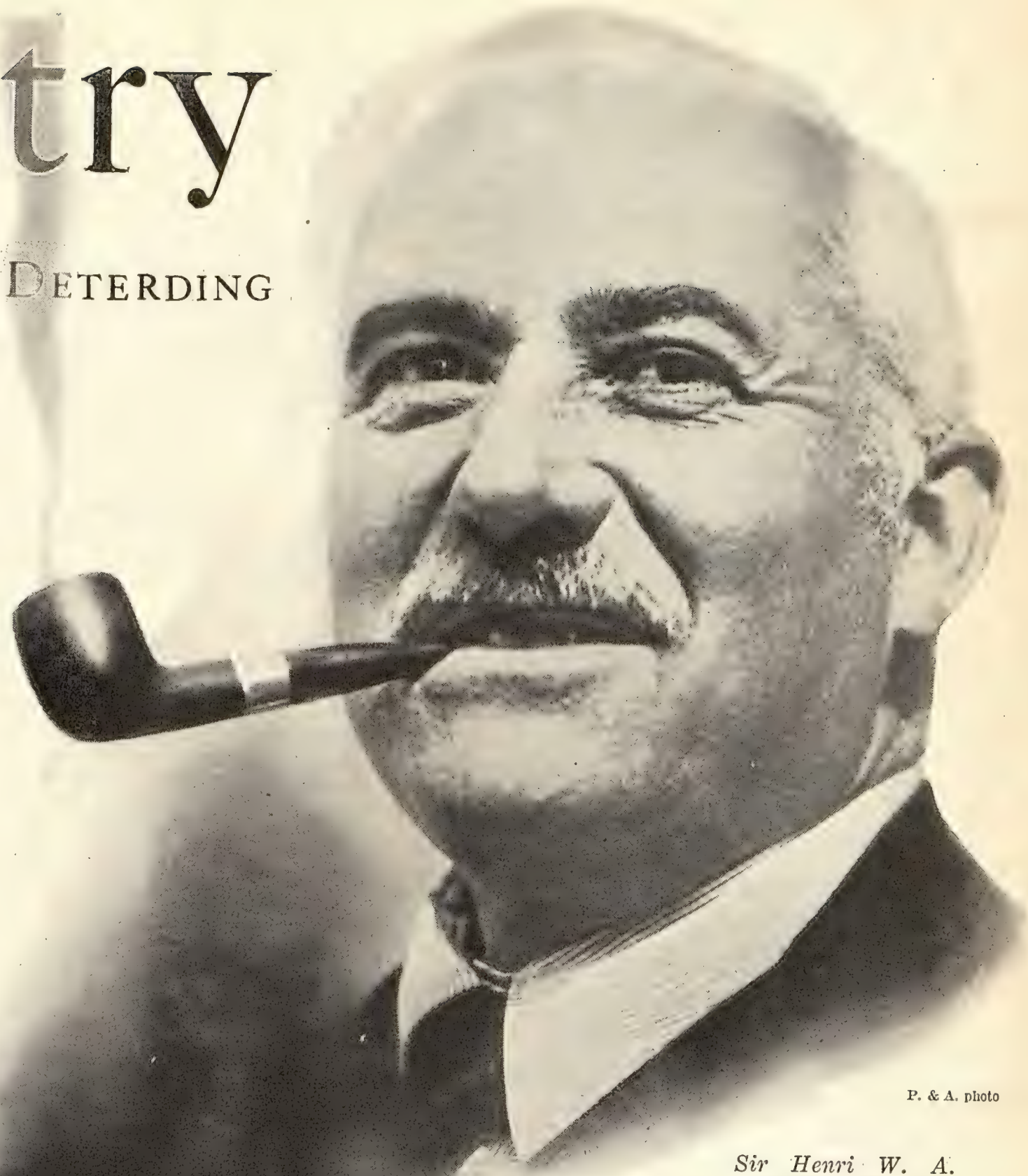
Part of the Baku oil field, once renowned for

As an illustration of this, what must one think of kerosene obtained in the refineries in Baku which has to be re-treated by the purchaser in Batum for the stabilization of color, when, before the Bolshevist government ruled the petroleum industry, the Russian kerosene,

Industry

AN ARTICLE

By SIR HENRI W. A. DETERDING



P. & A. photo

Sir Henri W. A. Deterding, the John D. of Europe.

as treated in Baku, was renowned for its purity and stable color?

In the disposal of the products we find equal stupidities of arrangement. While in any industry the home market (in this case Russia itself), by giving full effect to its possibilities, is the mainstay of the industry, that home market in Russia is starved of products and the latter are exported below cost.

This fact of starvation having been denied, I quote from the Moscow *Oil Bulletin,* dated September 1, 1926, and May 1, 1927, the following:

> The oil industry commences its new operative year with a stock of oil fuel of 1,400,000 tons. The fresh production will give 4,900,000 tons, and in this manner the year's resources can be fixed at 6,300,000 tons. From these resources 4,300,000 tons will be supplied to the home market. The operative year of the oil industry will close, with a minimum stock of 1,500,000 tons, on October 1, 1927.
>
> It has been possible to balance the fuel-oil supplies only at the cost of a *very drastic reduction in the demands for liquid fuel, from the side of a whole series of consumers;* especially greatly reduced were the demands from the side of the largest consumer of liquid fuel, the textile industry (by 39 per cent), and then also from the chemical industry (by 20 per cent).
>
> The demands from the side of the metal industry have been insignificantly reduced (3.6 per cent, or 32,000 tons) because of the heavy expenses connected with the adaptation of the burners for coal; the main reduction took place in the state machine-building factory and the Lugansk workshops.

Brown Bros. photo

the purity of its kerosene. Under Soviet mismanagement the oil has to be re-treated.

Regarding the question of the consumption of kerosene in the villages:

What do such figures signify? If we take it that on 200 evenings of the year lighting is necessary, the average consumption of kerosene per household in 1924-'25 was seven to eight *zolotniks* (or 1.05 to 1.2 English ounces) per evening—i. e.: *the population of the villages had no proper lighting at all, and had to be content with the semidarkness provided by poor substitutes,* the use of which precluded the possibility of reading, writing, or engaging in any handicraft requiring light.

At the same time, it should be kept in mind that the question concerns an average which includes individual rates of consumption; but, actually, it is evident that while a part of the rural population was able to enjoy even poor lighting, the other part remained in the dark.

Finally, it must be added that if the level of kerosene consumption were increased to nine, ten, and even eleven *zolotniks* per head in the villages the situation would, in reality, remain unchanged—the villages would continue to remain in darkness.

I leave the defense of this subject to the administrators of the sales department of Russian Oil Products, who, by order of the Soviet, by selling for export at half cost (the official Moscow statement of July 27, 1927, as quoted by the London *Times* of August 15), must do so in order to help the Soviet to issue three times as many *czervonetz* in face value as are represented by the value of this export, and thus, on paper, make a profit of 50 per cent, instead of an actual loss of 50 per cent.

NATURALLY, the consequence is that the pay for the workman in such paper *czervonetz* is only one-third of the nominal wages, as the purchasing power must have been reduced in the same proportion as the artificially enhanced value of the *czervonetz.*

Now, how can one expect good work from workmen thus scandalously underpaid? Their pay in actual purchase-power money cannot be more than thirty-two cents a day (about one-third of sixty rubles a month).

There is no oil field in the world where workmen do not get considerably more than that, although, physically, the lowest paid could not perform the task that the old Russian laborer (before 1920) could perform.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

To think that, after considering the foregoing, anybody would be foolish enough to undertake the working of these fields under temporary ownership (the Soviets reserving their right, as they maintain, that they will be judged the only masters of anything in Russia) is silly.

It is, however, only illustrative of how low in intellect the Soviets consider the people outside Russia that they recently declared they would never part with the stolen fields of Grozny and Baku, but would not mind giving property rights on the fields of Emba (in Transcaspia), which are notoriously difficult to make pay.

However, since, of late, credits are being asked and are being obtained by the Soviet from bankers, with usury tendency at 32 per cent per annum (8 per cent for three months), we need not wait so long for the sad ending of a terrible destruction.

The only question is, who is the last party who has given credit? Because givers have been paid by the proceeds of new credits. Who remains with the "old maid"?

As far as the world's oil trade is concerned, Russia plays practically no permanent rôle in the export trade. All such oil products on which, before, Russia had a monopoly can now, thanks to advanced science, be made from many other oils.

We must look forward to the time when Russia will become a large importer of fuel, because:

1. With coal production which, although from new fields, has been increased in fourteen years by only 15 per cent (22,341,000 tons in 1912; 25,565,000 tons in twelve months 1925-'26);
2. Without imports of British and German coal (in 1912, 4,815,000 tons);
3. Exporting 587,501 tons liquid fuel in 1926, against an import of liquid fuel of 46,325 tons in 1913 and 57,583 tons during the first five months of 1914—

her internal industry cannot be thriving, and the fewer goods she manufactures, the more of these she must import.

We must consider that the result of the wholesale robberies of bank vaults, jewelry from private owners and churches, oil fields, etc., have been exhausted; credits become more costly and are more difficult to obtain, and the bankruptcy of the *czervonetz* is near.

The longer the fatal day is postponed, the bigger will be the disaster; but that the disaster is very near, nobody who has taken the trouble to notice the change in the past few months can doubt for one moment.

There is only one terrible fact: the loss of money can be recovered, but not the millions of lives which this wanton destruction to satisfy the lusts of a dozen criminals has cost poor philosophic Russia, who has paid dearly for the inertia of her better classes.

Theories have ruled these last ten years. Let us hope that years of sound practice will have, at least, an equal subsequent run.

THE END

While he lived, he was acknowledged a greater combat flier than Bishop, Rickenbacker, Lufbery, Richthofen, Nungesser. His meteoric career will soon be told in LIBERTY.

Fat Lost
Joy Gained

There are countless people who can tell you an easy, pleasant way to reduce. Perhaps your own friends are among them. There are now so many that excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. It is based on many years of scientific research. People have used it for 20 years, and every circle shows the fine results.

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MARMOLA
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The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Poems You Ought to Know

The PARADOX of Time

By AUSTIN DOBSON

[Henry Austin Dobson (1840-1921) introduced French verse forms into English poetry and employed them with great skill and delicacy. His affection for eighteenth-century life was reflected in biographies of Fielding, Walpole, etc., as well as in his popular light verse.]

TIME goes, you say? Ah no!
Alas, Time stays, *we* go;
Or else, were this not so,
What need to chain the hours,
For Youth were always ours?
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

Ours is the eyes' deceit
Of men whose flying feet
Lead through some landscape low;
We pass, and think we see
The earth's fixed surface flee;
Alas, Time stays—we go!

Once, in the days of old,
Your locks were curling gold,
And mine had shamed the crow.
Now, in the selfsame stage,
We've reached the silver age;
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

Once, when my voice was strong,
I filled the woods with song
To praise your "rose" and "snow";
My bird, that sang, is dead;
Where are your roses fled?
Alas, Time stays—we go!

See, in what traversed ways,
What backward Fate delays
The hopes we used to know;
Where are our old desires?—
Ah, where those vanished fires?
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

How far, how far, O Sweet,
The past behind our feet
Lies in the even-glow!
Now, on the forward way,
Let us fold hands, and pray;
Alas, Time stays—*we* go!

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RADIO *Puts on* Long Pants

The Ethereal Impresario Displays Some Stylish Programs

An Article by

QUIN A. RYAN

(WGN Announcer)

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE radio program is really becoming a program. It is learning tricks from the movies and stage; the radio "hour" is becoming something more than a broadcasting station and sixty successive minutes.

In radio's youth, the variety of material stuffed into the microphone would have made a liverwurst manufacturer blush. A soprano sang the aria from Samson and Delilah; a banjo plunked Old Black Joe; a jazz orchestra played Three O'Clock in the Morning; and the announcer cemented these ingredients with Joe Miller.

There was no unity.

Today, the better radio hours have the close coherence of a good drama. The radio director has a score, a continuity, as exact as that of a movie or stage director. Not only the outline of the performance and his own lines, but the "business" with which he has planned to weld and color the performance, is on this scrip.

At the proper moment waves swish and thunder rumbles; the barn-dancers wax happier and noisier, as a prelude to Turkey in the Straw; the blarneying policeman moves down the street; and the newsboy quartet strolls by, pausing a moment at the microphone.

Much radio continuity is designed only to provide a thread of theme for a series of musical attempts.

But radio continuity may be more than an arrangement, more than an instrument of unity and orderliness.

It may be the bones of a performance as distinctive and individual as the radio itself.

The moving picture makes dramas of sight. The radio makes dramas of sound. It is on this fact that radio directors are working today—to build a form of entertainment as unique and as legitimate as stage or screen.

One of the earliest and best of the continuity units of the radio was the Eveready Hour. It's still shot out from a dozen or so stations once a week. You, too, may recall happily the positive beauty of those verbal and musical scenes in its Christ Child production one Christmas Eve; or the meatiness of its Kipling or Lincoln productions; or the fetching comedy built around celebrities like Irvin S. Cobb, "Bugs" Baer, De Wolf Hopper, Elsie Janis, and Weber and Fields.

Radio sketches such as these, that provide a single hour's entertainment, may take their producers a week to whip into shape. The scrips must be written, studied, timed, and rehearsed. The stars must be contracted for. The orchestra must be lined up and put through the musical paces. The vocalists must be recruited and told things.

Sic transit radio continuity! It's as fleeting as a drag on a cigarette! It can't be repeated tomorrow night or next week, like the stage comedian's impromptu gags. The radio man has the same audience night after night expecting a new show. They keep him hopping.

Plays and dramatic playlets are likewise written expressly for the radio now, and they breathe heavily of stage properties—slamming doors, train whistles, chimes, cuckoo clocks, and summonses to the butler.

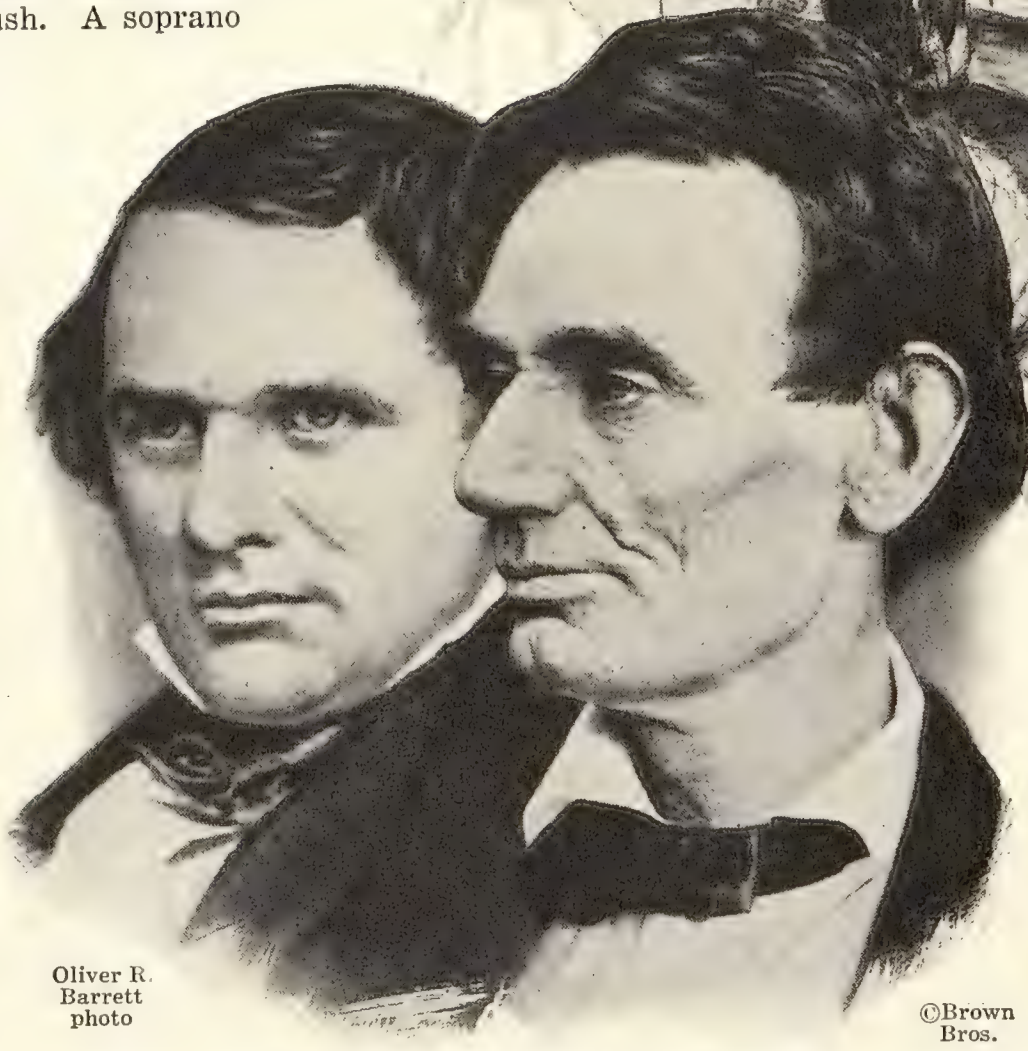
IN my own four years of humble radio experience, I have tried to take this continuity medium further, and to reproduce history. It's merely a game of let's pretend. I ask my audience to imagine that I am broadcasting to them on this day in history, and then proceed to depict the spectacle or occurrence as I would if I were actually speaking from the scene—in the same manner that I have done in reality the Tennessee evolution trial, the Kentucky Derby, football, baseball, and prize fights.

Would you believe, as one example, that a Lincoln-Douglas debate could be reproduced on the radio so realistically that hundreds of listeners, including old-timers, would send in letters of whooping appreciation and requests for more? It was; and here's how, if there are any young men in the class casting a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by W. P. Couse

Twenty thousand hot, dusty people jammed Ottawa, Illinois, August 21, 1858, to hear Abe the Giant Killer and Stephen A. Douglas in their famous debate.



Oliver R. Barrett photo

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Senator Douglas and Lincoln as they looked during the bitter days of the slavery question.

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A PARTY!

WHEREVER you see a lot of nice people having an absolutely wonderful time—which means whenever you find the younger crowd engaged in being themselves—you're pretty certain to run into a *whale of a lot* of Fatima smokers.

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LUCKY TIGER

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

flirting eye at this new profession.

My first step is in research, burrowing into the Lincoln biographies, traditions, and the verbatim reports of the debates; the second, in finding two characters with voices resembling those of Lincoln and Douglas; the third, in corralling twenty extras to simulate the murmuring crowd, and about six more voices to call the lines of the chairman, the watermelon venders, and the hecklers in the crowd; the fourth, to consult with the musical director about the orchestra music for the prologue. The fifth step is the long chore of writing the continuity, with the lines and directions; and the last, the rehearsal and delivery.

The prologue, written as of the present, with the orchestra softened, sketches the life and thought and problems of those agitated times—the old Missouri Compromise, the new Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Dred Scott Decision, Senator Douglas and Lawyer Lincoln, their political rivalry, and the challenge to debate! This fades out, and the attention of the radio listeners is directed back through the years, like a movie, to August 21, 1858. And the manuscript goes on:

Business—Murmur of mixed voices of crowd fades in, and continues.

ANNOUNCER: This is Station WGN, ladies and gentlemen, broadcasting to you from Ottawa, Illinois, the first of the much discussed debates between our two Illinois Senatorial candidates, Douglas and Lincoln. The heat is terrific here today on the Illinois prairie land.

Before breakfast the town was swarming with a multiplying throng from all points of the compass. At 8 o'clock the streets and avenues looked like a vast smokehouse, it was so dusty. Teams, trains, and processions poured in like an army.

Today, here, flags and mottoes and banners are fluttering and staring from every street corner. All forenoon military companies and bands of music monopolized the thoroughfares around the courthouse and the public square, where we are now.

Business—FIRST BOY: Watermelon, five cents a slice!

CROWD continues hubbub, with occasional cheers and people calling.

FIRST MAN: Stephen A. Douglas—hooray!

ANNOUNCER: It is now 2:15, and the crowd is growing larger; the fringe of the multitude is away off there beyond the borders of this little square. This is the largest meeting, I think, ever held in this part of the State. The bare announcement that our two Senatorial candidates would meet in open debate has attracted almost 20,000 people. I am standing on the platform, about twelve feet away from Senator Douglas and Mr. Lincoln. Out in front, extending back as far as I can see, the crowd is sitting on the ground, on benches, on barrels—women and children, too.

Peddlers are selling everything from medicines to watermelon. There are women with babies in their arms. There are many trees here in Lafayette Square, but they offer little protection today from the broiling sun. Only here and there are men wearing coats or hats.

Those little outbursts of cheering that you hear every once in a while are for one or the other of the candidates. The town has gone mad. A special train of seventeen cars, filled to overflowing, has come down from Chicago; and another train of eleven cars has come from Peru and La Salle. Wagons and saddled horses are hitched to every post. Two brass twelve-pounders have been banging away all day.

The candidates are both talking to friends seated beside them now, while the committee is trying to clear away the throngs that are pressing so tightly against the platform. Douglas and Lincoln both wear black bow ties. Senator Douglas is short, as you know, a burly man, with a large round head, a heavy mop of hair, and a dark complexion. Mr. Lincoln is very tall, slender, and awkward, even in his sitting attitude. His face is large-featured, with heavy brows, his forehead high, and his hair dark and heavy.

Business—Occasional bass-drum boom, for cannon in distance.

CROWD continues murmur and slowly fades out when chairman speaks.

SECOND BOY: Hi, Tommy! Who are you for?

ANNOUNCER: The newspaper men are clustered on both sides of the candidates, jotting notes. At arm's length from my microphone is Mr. Horace White, the reporter for the Chicago *Press and Tribune*. Well, ladies and gentlemen, this noise and chatter that you hear now has been going on all day. Mr. Lincoln was met at the depot this morning by an immense crowd and he was escorted in a carriage decorated with evergreens to the residence of Mayor Glover, while enormous throngs blocked the streets and sidewalks and shouted continuously.

Judge Douglas was met this morning at Peru, sixteen miles from here, by a committee in an elegant carriage drawn by four horses. Another delegation met him four miles out with several hundred flags and banners, and brought him into town to martial music and amid the booming of the cannon. But, oh!—they're starting now—

THE radio listeners now hear Douglas being introduced, and the condensed version of the first of the seven famous debates is on; with applause, scattered shouting, and intermittent heckling from the wee multitude of extras in the radio studio.

All for one hour of radio night's entertainment!

THE END

Just one of many unknown Americans, he promised himself greatness and became the most daring flier the World War produced. Watch for his life story in LIBERTY.

The Days of 1928

Calendar Facts About Holidays and Other Days

(See Cover Design)

An Article by

GRACE ROBINSON

(Reading time: 4 minutes 8 seconds.)

ALTHOUGH our calendar shows ten red-letter days in 1928, there are only five nights on which the United States at large may turn off the alarm clock and yawn, "Thank goodness—tomorrow's a holiday."

In the 366 days which compose this leap year, only five holidays are observed everywhere in the United States and its possessions. These are New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Independence Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas.

Several others are holidays in most States and Territories. Armistice Day, November 11, is legally observed in twenty-three States and one Territory. Many others which have not put it on the statute books also celebrate that day.

Lincoln's birthday, February 12, is observed in twenty-six States and one Territory.

The birthdays of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, June 3, and Robert E. Lee, January 19, are still red-letter days in the South. In several States, banks and schools close on these days. Others mark them by lesser observances.

Both are legalized in Virginia. Banks and schools close.

In Georgia, courts, banks, and schools close and public ceremonies are held. In Alabama, banks, courts, and public buildings close, although the schools remain open.

Lee and Davis are honored in South Carolina, where their birthdays are holidays fixed by law. Courts and State offices close, but not business offices or factories. The schools do not close, but on Lee's natal day exercises are held. Davis' birthday, coming during the vacation period, receives scant attention. Florida takes enthusiastic recognition of these holidays. Banks, courts, and city offices close, but schools remain open.

Not until 1927 did Florida accord legal recognition to Memorial Day, that holiday instituted under Union auspices. Confederate Memorial Day, April 26, had been a special State day for years. The new holiday was observed by suspension of activity in banks and public offices, but not in business houses. There was no demonstration in honor of the day which is so solemnly observed in the North.

The birthdays of Lee and Davis are legally recognized in Mississippi. The statehouse closes and public exercises are held in the schools. In Arkansas neither Lee's nor Davis' birthday is an occasion for more than perfunctory recognition. Lee's birthday is technically a holiday, being so designated by law, but the anniversary of Davis is virtually ignored. The Confederate flag was flown from the dome of the Capitol at Little Rock, together with the Stars and Stripes, on Lee's last anniversary. The banks close, but other business proceeds as usual. Programs are given in some schools.

Natives of the State protest that the survivors of the historic old South still cherish the memory of Lee but that the younger generation roots as enthusiastically for Lincoln and Grant.

While Arkansas officially forgets Jeff Davis, Louisiana goes to some trouble to honor his birthday. In that State June 3 is set apart by law, and is generally observed by schools, courts, banks, by State, parish, and municipal offices, and by many factories and business houses. It is celebrated not only as the natal day of the head of the Confederacy, but as Confederate Memorial Day. Lee's memory, on the other hand, receives scant attention.

North Carolina keeps Lee's memory green, but ignores Davis. Tennessee makes a legal holiday of Lee's birthday and recognizes Davis' anniversary as Confederate Decoration Day.

Texas pays tribute to the memory of Davis with a legal holiday. Lee's natal day is accorded no such recognition.

Tennessee is the only Dixie State that celebrates Lincoln's birthday. But the South is not alone in refusal to recognize it. The other States and Territories which dignify it as a holiday are Alaska, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Washington, West Virginia, and Wyoming. In Massachusetts it is observed by Governor's proclamation.

Easter, being Sunday, is universally acclaimed as a holiday.

All the States and Territories celebrate Memorial Day, May 30, except New Mexico and eight Dixie commonwealths.

Labor Day, laden with political significance, is observed in every State, Territory, and possession, except Alabama, Wyoming, and the Philippines.

Columbus Day, October 12, is observed by Arkansas, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, and Porto Rico.

Election Day, November 6, is a holiday in every State and Territory except Alaska, the District of Columbia, Hawaii, Illinois, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Ohio, the Philippines, and Vermont. In Illinois certain cities make it a holiday. This Election Day, incidentally, is especially significant because 1928 is a Presidential election year.

These complete our list of the more important red-letter days for 1928, although forty-three other special holidays—mostly of local interest—are observed in the various States, Territories, and possessions.

You will notice, by reference to the cover calendar, that we squeeze in an extra day in 1928, since February presents us with twenty-nine days instead of her usual twenty-eight. In other words, it is leap year, when, according to a jocose legend, young women may propose to swains they admire without fear of being branded with the dread epithet "modern."

THE END

List of Legal Holidays

	States observing them
Christmas Day, December 25	All
Independence Day, July 4	All
New Year's Day, January 1	All
Washington's Birthday, February 22	All
Thanksgiving Day, November 29	All
Easter Sunday, April 8	All
Labor Day, September 3	46
Election Day, November 6	43
Memorial Day, May 30	38
Columbus Day, October 12	35
Lincoln's Birthday, February 12	26
Armistice Day, November 11	23
Good Friday, April 6 (legal in eleven States and Territories)	
Birthday of Jefferson Davis, June 3	10
Birthday of Robert E. Lee, January 19	9
Confederate Memorial Day, April 26	4
Patriots' Day, April 19	2
Mother's Day (Second Sunday in May)	
Flag Day, June 14, is widely observed but not as a legal holiday.	

The greatest flying story ever told. The hero: a young, splendidly foolhardy American war pilot. Beginning soon in LIBERTY.

VOX POP

We Are Honored

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I thought you might be interested to know that I found so much value and importance as well as intense interest in Mr. Ralph H. Oyler's article on the drug traffic, "Our Worst Criminals," that I spoke of it in a sermon in Grace Church, and urged my hearers to read the article.—*(Rev.) Eliot White.*

Airing the Question

GLEN COVE, N. Y.—I think it's preposterous to allow an article like "Home Wreckers," by C. J. McGuirk,

to be published. I am a lawyer and see both sides of the divorce question every day in the week. Some woman probably gave that writer the air, and he thinks they're all alike.—*H. S. McCutcheon.*

An Animal Cracker

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You compare your tabloid weekly with the *Saturday Evening Post.* Well, LIBERTY bears the same relation to the *Saturday Evening Post* as a goat does to a horse.—*W. L. Rogers.*

Raising the Devil

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I'm certainly glad you have Richthofen planted. Would have been much better if you had killed him in the first installment. Also, I hope you are through telling about the Kaiser. If you will just print an article about the devil, I feel you will have most of the territory covered.—*Wm. C. Chandler.*

How a Hero Died

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND—In your issue of September 17, I read with pleasure an article on Richthofen, the great German pilot, and also the reference to my late son, the great English pilot.

I have, since my son's death, found out the exact circumstances under which he was killed. The Germans tried to give the credit to Richthofen's brother for having brought my son down. This was not correct, and I have found reliable women in France who saw his last fight and the two women who took him out of the machine when he fell.

After the big fight he was seen to be flying perfectly all right, after which these women of Annœulin and also of Seclin saw him attack three German machines, bringing two down. The third escaped.

At this time he was flying very low, and anti-aircraft guns on Carvin Church, which is close by, opened fire, and his machine was damaged and crashed. The women informed me that there were no shots in Captain Ball, but that he was killed by the fall of the machine.

These facts were not generally known until after I went over to get the information personally.—*Albert Ball.*

Mr. Roche, Take a Bow

CINCINNATI, OHIO—More stories by Arthur Somers Roche, please! They possess rare human appeal.

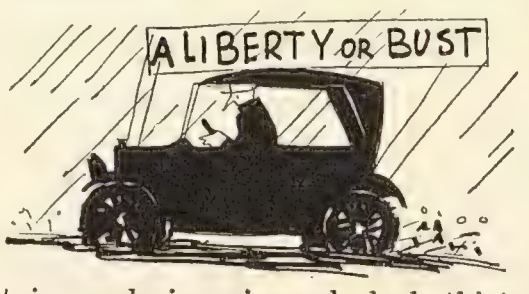
I consider his "Success" the best story that I have read in LIBERTY in a long, long time. Please omit the slapstick stuff and use more of this *real* author's material.—*John E. Vetter.*

He Knows When to Buy It

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Your magazine is rotten. Have been reading it since "White Pants Willie," and swear off every week, but somehow or other I am one of the first customers every Monday. You sure know how to dope it up. Don't improve it, as there are plenty of good magazines.—*An Addict.*

A Dash for LIBERTY

SWITCHBACK, W. VA.—One week in September I drove a Ford over moun-



tain roads in rain and slush thirty miles to get me a LIBERTY.—*D. Campbell Deane.*

Sees America First

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Goodness gracious! I'd like to lay hands on that cake-eating Vox Popper, Percy Hickson—"New England 1649"—who wrote that Marjorie Oelrichs' article, "What's the Matter With American Men?" had "shown up the 100-per-cent American business man in all his mental cheapness." What can Mr. Hickson possibly know of American men?

Have those Dagos and Frogs got anything to match Cal Coolidge, Jimmy Walker, Gene Tunney, Lindy—or my Old Man? No!—*N. E. M.*

Wants to Meet Marg

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I wood have wrote you before, but I could not make up my mind.

This here Bert Green sure knows his onions, but I think it wood be good dope for Marg to answer Mike's "Love Letters" in the neer future. She certainly must be a hot number. Let's have a spasm from her.—*Lyle Youngstrom.*

His youth, his adventures, his incredibly heroic death in France, will make you glad that you are an American. The life story of a great war bird begins in an early issue of LIBERTY.

A Noise Like an Octopus

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—I read your editorial about Mexico: "The People Next Door."

Such views, read by the American public, are given their proper value, since intelligent Americans know that the U. S. Government has no desire or intention of annexing or controlling the southern republic. But any Latin American who reads such a thing is only convinced that the U. S. is an octopus ready to seize and suck the blood of every weaker nation to the south.—*William Rojas.*

Thinks It's Our Duty

SALINA, KAN.—I heartily agree with your editorial about Mexico. They have proven beyond a doubt that they are incapable of self-government and I believe it is our duty to do something about it.

Those who holler about letting others live their own lives and murder each other if they like, etc., seem to me to be misguided. Their intention is good but their judgment rotten.—*J. W. Densford.*

Don't Tell It to the Marines

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—I feel sure that there will be numerous letters from "Little Americans," heaping maledictions upon the head of Frederick Palmer for his article, "White Magic in Black Haiti."

I was a sergeant of Marines in Haiti for two years during the "clean-up" period and can vouch for the things Mr. Palmer said. He failed to make it strong enough: he said nothing about the American Marines that were tortured and killed and eaten by the Haitian voodooists even after 1920. Have the Little Americans investigated the case of the Marine aviator who was sacrificed in this manner after a forced landing in the hill country?

The Little Americans should spend a few years in Haiti and the other West Indian countries where the "poor natives" are being so mistreated by the "brutal American Marines."—*An Ex-Marine.*

Anti-Biography

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—What is Frederick James Smith supposed to write—a movie review or the life of every "ham" actor and film director among Hollywood's hundreds? He apparently hasn't accomplished either, although I'm in favor of the former—decidedly.—*A Movie Fan.*

In Defense of Molokai

HONOLULU, HAWAII—I can realize it was a mere slip of the pen that prompted the statement, "they crashed in a forced landing on the leper island of Molokai," in your article "Flying Against Death," written by Bogart Rogers, but it will lead all your myriad readers to believe that that is correct.

Molokai is not the "leper island," any more than, because the Tombs is in New York City, you could say, "Manhattan, the Prison Island."

Molokai is a large island as islands go. If you spread out your hand, with the thumb extended, that might be comparable to the island of Molokai, the thumb being the peninsula on which the settlement for lepers is located. Only that small outjutting peninsula is devoted to the care of lepers, almost apart from the rest of the island.—*A. P. Taylor—Librarian, Archives of Hawaii.*

Congratulations!

COLUMBUS, OHIO—My sales have jumped nearly 100 per cent since reading "The Inferiority Complex—What of It?" by Ruth Ridenour, 'cause I know every customer I call on is suffering from the same old inferiority complex, and I just refuse to let them bluff me as they used to.—*Just a Traveling Man.*

Sh-h! Not So Loud

DOTHAN, ALA.—The half-wits who howl in your Vox Pop page about the crimes that LIBERTY commits, including the initial one of birth, don't seem to savvy that every time they heave a brickbat at you it bounces off your funny bone and fills you with ungirdled glee.—*J. H.*

Courage, Old Boy

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I'll admit I read your weekly, which is a weakness that baffles explanation, because any-

one understands that it is a mere waste of time to suffer through such a conglomeration of gummed-up sex stuff as "Thin Ice." I got hooked by that on the first issue and read several more until the backbone became broken and it started to run thin, but my wife still insists on relating the drag-out—which has got my goat.—*H. F. Heritage.*

Praise in the Wee Small Hours

FORESTVILLE, MD.—I've just finished reading that wonderful story "Thin Ice" by Kathleen Norris, and I must say that it is the best yet. Let's have more like it. At 2:30 in the morning it is pretty hard to say much more than this.—*Dena S. Gallun.*

Hard to Please

BAINVILLE, MONT.—Even if this Toni Donnelly stuff was good I wouldn't like it.—*D. Leeson.*

A man more fearless than Richthofen—an American war bird. Watch for the thrilling story of his life and exploits, to begin in LIBERTY shortly.

Bad Air Whispers after Every Game

LET'S QUIT

"This isn't your night," he says to one. "Miss it," he says to another. "You're too warm," to a third—and to all, "Let's Quit." The next night you find them down the street at your competitor's place—*your* customers once, another man's now.

Free spenders and Bad Air don't mix. If you want the first you must bar the other. And mark this: you *can* bar Bad Air—at small cost—without disturbing your business—without taking up an inch of floor space.

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*This table based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

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FILM—*and* COMMON SENSE in Tooth and Gum Care

As Able Dental Authorities Point It Out

What FILM ON TEETH is, in relation to dull, "off-color" teeth and the commoner tooth and gum disorders—why a special film-removing dentifrice is advised

Sparkling smiles are, perhaps, the biggest thing in being beautiful. Thus, Pepsodent that brightens teeth by removing dingy film is now accepted as a foremost beauty aid.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

The modern dental profession sponsors this "fight-the-film" movement.

ARE your teeth "off color," dull—lustreless? Do you feel that you are more prone to tooth and gum disorders than the ordinary person?

New Light on Those Conditions

Modern dental research has recently thrown a new light on both those conditions.

Dull teeth are traced *in their entirety* to a film that forms on teeth. A dingy film which ordinary brushing does not effectively combat.

Many serious tooth and gum disturbances are traced almost as completely to the same source—*film*.

As a result, an utterly different way of tooth cleansing—Pepsodent—is, largely on dental advice, being adopted by thousands.

Most Teeth Are Film Coated

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery, slimy coating.

This film, it has been found, absorbs discolorations. And thus makes otherwise clear teeth dull and dingy.

This film, it is now known, clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say high dental authorities.

Germs, Tartar—Pyorrhea, Decay

Germs breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Those germs, with tartar, are the definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Before effective means of removing film were found, tooth and gum troubles were constantly on the increase. Old ways had failed lamentably.

NOW—A Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

After long and exhaustive research, dental science finally found effective film-removing agents. And that discovery largely changed the tooth-cleansing habits of the world.

Those film-removing agents are embodied in Pepsodent; a tooth paste *different in composition and effect from any other known*.

Developed in consultation with high dental authorities, Pepsodent meets the dominant dental exactments of today in modern tooth and gum protection.

Removing film on teeth is accorded high importance by the modern Dentist. So Pepsodent is chosen for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.

How It Acts

Pepsodent curdles that film; then thoroughly, as ordinary brushing never has done or never can do, *removes it from the teeth*.

Then Pepsodent—embodying gum-protective elements which mark the most recent science knows—acts to firm the gums to healthy, coral firmness.

Then it acts to multiply the alkalinity of the mouth's saliva; thus keeping the mouth clean, thus fighting decay.

Thus, the great tooth and gum protective factors are provided in a highly prophylactic way.

Accept Test

Send coupon for 10-day tube. Note how film is removed, how gums start to firm and harden. You'll agree that Pepsodent, along with regular attention from your dentist, marks the utmost in a dentifrice.

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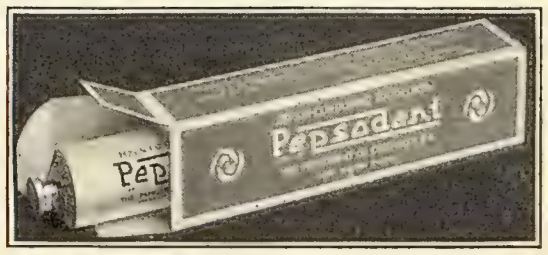

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PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

The Clock Strikes TWO

Phyllis Outwits a Spy

A Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Pictures by W. D. Stevens

(Reading time: 21 minutes 30 seconds.)

WAS a blind man, ninety-two years old, being deliberately driven mad? That was the question to which Phyllis Hale was determined to find the answer. The old man was Colonel Boardman. Phyllis was his private secretary. When she and the Colonel's son, Thomas Boardman, had discussed her taking this position at the Boardman country place, he had intimated that mentally, his father was a "border-line case," and, as such, morbidly suspicious of his family.

Phyllis soon came to share the old Colonel's suspicions. Thomas she distrusted, and felt that about Thomas' three sons—Franklin, Charles, a doctor, and Herbert, fresh from college—there was a disturbing furtiveness. Phyllis was convinced that some plot was afoot which concerned not only the old man's sanity but Blair Boardman.

Blair was the only son of Thomas' dead brother, Blair I, who had quarreled with the Colonel and gone to the Philippines. Blair II had never seen his grandfather. It was borne in on Phyllis that Thomas and Thomas' sons intended that he never should, in spite of the fact that they had brought him out for a visit.

Edith, Thomas' widowed daughter, was clearly involved in the plot. About Elizabeth, Edith's daughter, Phyllis was not sure. Elizabeth was shy, appealing, and apparently straightforward.

The queer thing about Edith was her belief in spirits. She had gone to a medium and got messages purporting to be from Flora, the Colonel's daughter, who, forty years before, had been killed by a fall from her balcony when she was attempting to elope with her sweetheart.

Edith was trying to make the Colonel share her belief in Flora's returned spirit. Certain it was that the old man thought he heard noises Phyllis could not detect. And in the night he had startled the whole household by crying out: "Stop that damned clock! Stop it, I say!" Then: "Flora, don't! Don't do it!"

"Don't talk," Phyllis warned Blair. "It takes too much breath."

The next day he heard voices again, and Charles gave him an opiate to quiet him. To Phyllis it was all strangely sinister. When she went to her room to change for a family game of tennis, she overheard, through the open door, Thomas and Franklin planning to search for some mysterious object in the old man's study.

Part Six

PHYLLIS wasted no time speculating on what Franklin and his father meant to try to find during the hours of the old man's narcotized sleep. Noiselessly she changed her shoes and fled to join the others on the veranda. Her job was to outwit Herbert and get a chance to talk with Blair.

Elizabeth unconsciously befriended her on the court by suggesting that they toss for partners. Luck was with Phyllis: it gave her Blair.

It was easy to see that Herbert didn't like the arrangement and was suspicious of it. About the most she could hope for was a chance to let her partner know that she had something important to tell him.

The game did one thing for her: it restored her physical tone, and so brought back her self-confidence. The unanalyzable feeling of dread which had been haunting her was working itself out somehow through her pores.

The two couples proved very evenly matched and the play was hard and fast. Blair was enjoying himself like a schoolboy. He hadn't had a real workout like this, he said, in weeks. Phyllis decided to let him enjoy himself as long as he could before springing anything on him.

They lost the first set and then won the second. The third went to deuce so many times

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Forty-three]

that they lost count. But at last Herbert, who was tiring, lost his serve. Blair's was next, and he'd probably win it. She couldn't put things off any longer.

She retrieved a couple of balls that were in the net, and, instead of tossing them to Blair, carried them back to him. As she stood before him with her back to the others, she said:

"I must get a chance for a talk with you about your grandfather."

Evidently a life that had involved many dangers and emergencies had taught him to keep his face. The only thing Herbert could have seen, no matter how closely he was watching, was Blair's sudden, gay smile.

"I thought so," he told her aloud, for anyone to hear that liked; "we'll manage it somehow." He added, with no change of voice:

"You play back this time and I'll go on the net."

He followed his service through, and smashed Herbert's return out of the court. "Any plan?" he asked as he came back to her.

"No," she said, following his example and speaking without lowering her voice; "nothing like one."

He laughed and wiped the sweat out of his eyes with his sleeve. "Gosh!" he said; "I'm as wet as if I'd been in the lake."

A point or two later she found a chance to ask him, "Can you swim?"

His only answer was a careless nod; but on his next return from the net he asked, "Can't they?"

"I don't know," she said. "We can try it."

It wasn't until just before they played the winning point that he told her:

"I'm good up to two or three miles."

She laughed and answered, panting with the exertion of the play:

"So am I. That will do, I guess."

A moment later the set was over. They gathered at the net and strolled off the court, laughing, gasping, talking about what a peach of a game it had been.

Presently Phyllis said: "If I had my bathing suit down here with me I'd go for a swim."

"I've got two," Elizabeth told her. "I think that's a grand idea."

"It isn't too late, is it?" Phyllis asked.

"Too late in the day or too late in the year?" the girl asked. "Only it isn't, whichever you mean. I'm for it."

Her enthusiasm was a little discouraging. Herbert, though, didn't take to the project very cordially. "You'll find it damned cold," he warned them.

"Well, the way I'm feeling now," Blair said, but not too eagerly, "that's a recommendation."

Elizabeth, her shyness thawed out of her by the game, started off toward the house in a sort of prance. "Come on," she called back to the others. Then, noting that Herbert was definitely holding back, she added in a personal aside to him: "You don't have to go in if you don't want to."

That somehow decided it. "Sure, I'll come," he said.

THEY heard the telephone ringing as they entered the house, and a moment later William, the houseman, appeared from answering it.

"It's for you, Miss Elizabeth," he said.

"Wait a second," the girl told Phyllis, "and I'll go with you and find you a bathing suit."

The two men went upstairs together, Herbert offering to do a similar service for Blair.

The oppression of the silent house settled upon Phyllis again. What were those two men doing in the Colonel's study upstairs? What was the thing they wished they had Herbert to help them find? What would Blair say when she told him her story?—supposing she got a chance to, which didn't now seem likely. Thank goodness, here was Elizabeth coming back.

Something, she saw at a glance, had happened to the girl. She looked at Phyllis a little wildly, as if she hardly knew who she was.

"Oh," she said blankly, "the bathing suit; of course."

She started up the stairs without another word, and Phyllis followed her. She led the way down the corridor to a room opposite her mother's.

Phyllis, after hesitating a moment, followed her in uninvited. "Have you changed your mind about it?" she asked. "Would you rather not go in swimming?"

"Oh, I might as well," the girl told her desperately. "I might as well do that as anything else I can do."

She simply wasn't the same girl who had dashed off to answer the telephone a few minutes back.

"Is there anything I can do to help you?" Phyllis ventured to ask.

The girl wavered, struggling with a sudden impulse to confide. Then, with a gasp and a deep flush, she turned away.

"The bathing suits are in the closet," she said. "I'll get them."

SOME obscure association brought back to Phyllis' mind a little scene between them in her own room the day before, when they'd talked about Bluebeard. The last secretary had been a man, Elizabeth had told her, and she'd blushed deeply when Phyllis had asked her if there was something special about him. Dr. Charles had mentioned him, too, that morning. He'd approved of the idea of another man secretary; but the others, for some reason, had not.

The girl came back stony eyed from the clothes closet, with the bathing suits in her hand.

"I'm sure something's happened to you," Phyllis said, "that makes you not want to go in."

The girl's face contorted itself in an unavailing effort to keep back the tears. Then she flung herself on the bed and buried her head in her arms.

Phyllis sat down beside her. "There's something else you want to do," she went on; "someone you want to see—and you can't because Blair's here. That's it, isn't it?"

Abruptly the girl ceased crying, to sit up and stare at her. "How do you know that?" she demanded.

"I don't," Phyllis assured her. "It seemed a natural sort of guess. And I don't mean to pry. I thought perhaps I could help."

"It's my one chance to see him at all before he goes away," the girl confessed, dropping back on the pillows again. "He's only here in the village for two or three hours. He's been offered a job as secretary to a man who is going to South America for a year. He said he'd written me two or three letters. I haven't got any of them. He came down just on the bare chance that he'd find me. If it hadn't been for Blair being here, I might have got away."

"How far is it to the village?" Phyllis asked.

"About four miles by the road."

"Is it on the lake?"

Elizabeth nodded. "It's only about two miles that way."

"What would you do if you saw him?" Phyllis asked, feeling queerly like a double-dealer.

"What would I do?" Elizabeth echoed, with another sudden flush. "Why, nothing but talk to him a little there in the tea shop where he's waiting, and wish him luck, and—tell him I'll be here when he comes back."

Phyllis' mind was made up.

"All right," she said. "Why don't you go? Take a canoe and paddle to the village. You can be away before they're dressed for swimming — Herbert and Blair, I mean. I'll tell them, when I go out, that you've decided not to go in. They'll think you're lying down—resting after the game."

Elizabeth sprang off the bed.

"Will you really do that?" she asked.

"IT'S my one chance to see him at all before he goes away," the girl confessed, dropping back on the pillows again.

Phyllis found the two men waiting patiently for her in still dry bathing suits on the little boat landing.

"Where's my young niece?" Herbert asked abruptly.

"She changed her mind at the last minute," Phyllis answered evenly, "and decided not to go in."

"I never knew she was a quitter," he grumbled. Then his look changed to one of open suspicion. "I suppose you don't know why she changed her mind," he remarked.

"Probably she found that she was tireder than she'd thought, after the tennis."

Deliberately she made her tone cool enough to convey a snub. If his irritation could be concentrated upon her, he'd be less likely to note the absence of the canoe.

"Well, here goes," Blair said quickly, and started on a run down the little pier.

A queer look of indecision showed in Herbert's face, and then he called: "Hold on! You can't dive off that. There's only about three feet of water. That's why we've got the raft out there."

"Three feet is plenty for a shallow dive," Blair told him, and started off again.

But, at that, Phyllis beat him into the water.

"I'll race you to the raft!" she called as she plunged.

Herbert was panting as he climbed up on the diving raft after them. They had him, all right! The scheme was going to work. There was no hurry.

Phyllis and Blair went off the high dive a couple of times apiece. After the second one she asked Herbert, "How far is it straight across to that point on the other side?"

"Three-quarters of a mile, I guess," he told her indifferently.

"Well," she said, "I want a real swim. I'm going over there."

She was in the water before either of the men had time to speak, rolling along with a businesslike trudgen stroke.

Presently Blair swam alongside.

"You're a peach! You know, I—I never had anybody on my side before."

"Don't stop to thank me," Phyllis admonished her. "Wash your face and fly."

"I'll fly, all right," the girl said, "but I don't think I'll stop for a wash."

"Not too fast," he cautioned her. "He isn't coming."

"Don't talk," she warned him, in turn. "It takes too much breath."

The distance was, she was sure, comfortably within her own powers. Then she thought of something that terrified her. Blair had spent the greater part of his life in the tropics. He was used to warm water—sea water, too, no doubt, which was easier to swim in. This little lake was pretty cold. Supposing he should be taken with a cramp?

The thought frightened her as she'd never been frightened before in her life. Under the impact of it she stopped swimming. But at his sharp "What's the matter? Anything wrong?" she shook her head and went on.

"Just changing strokes," she panted.

She swam as close to him as she could, after that, without running the danger of getting in his way, and she let him set the pace. The shore was nearing now.

Her sense of relief when they felt the soft bottom under their feet turned her pretty limp.

He must have noted that she wasn't very steady, for he put his arm around her. It wasn't necessary, but she didn't tell him so. There was no need of giving away, now, what her trouble had been.

"Thank God!" he said when they were seated in the sun, side by side and very close together. "And that's not swearing, either. I've never been so scared in my life."

"Were you?" she asked, with a quick look at him. "Why? You're all right now, aren't you?"

"Of course I am," he said, returning her look. "That is, if you are. Why? What did you think I was frightened about?"

"What *were* you frightened about?" she countered.

"I got to thinking what would happen if you didn't make it. You were swimming along in beautiful style, of course, but anybody can get a cramp, and when you stopped about halfway over, I thought, that's it, and I felt like a murderer for having let you try it. Why did you stop, anyhow?"

"I got to worrying about you," she told him. "You aren't used to cold water like that. I felt like a murderer myself. Oh, it's a joke on both of us, that's all," she concluded.

"You can call it a joke if you like," he told her soberly; "but I don't."

"I don't, either," she admitted; and then went on hastily, "Of course, the real joke is on your cousin Franklin. He told his father, after lunch, that he wished Herbert might take us both in the lake and drown us. I suppose that's what gave me the idea of the swim.

"Your Uncle Thomas didn't think anything as drastic as that was necessary. He said Herbert would see to it that we hadn't any chance to talk together. I had almost changed my mind about talking to you until I heard him say that. They had seemed so innocent and friendly to you at lunch, I thought perhaps I'd been suspecting them unjustly."

HIS brows had drawn together in a perplexed frown. "How much of that do you mean seriously?" he asked.

"Not quite all of it. Franklin hadn't any plan to drown us. He sounded rather frightened. What he said about getting rid of me didn't mean anything worse than discharging me and sending me back to town. But they had told Herbert not to give us a chance to talk together. They were talking just outside my door."

"Why did you say you thought Franklin was frightened?"

"Your grandfather thinks they all are," she told him. "He thinks they've done something they're afraid will be found out. That's why they don't want anyone to come near him who won't act as their spy. They thought I'd do at first, and then they found out I wouldn't. I'll tell you all about that later, if we have time."

"If you only had some clothes besides that

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[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Forty-five]

swimming suit, I'd never let you go back to that house!" he told her. "It's no place for you. There's something queer about it—something wrong. And I don't want you mixed up in it, whether you're in any real danger or not. I'm not a bit sure you aren't."

For an instant she leaned back against the sandy bank and shut her eyes. Until now she hadn't realized how horribly lonely she'd been for the past year—oh, for longer than that. Here was someone in the world who wanted to take her part, be her champion. She felt the tears burning under her eyelids, and, sitting erect, impatiently blinked them away.

"If there's any danger," she said, "you're the one that's in it. I'm not important enough to them. But when your grandfather heard that they were bringing *you* down, he wanted me to warn you not to come. He thought there was danger for you. You are the one they're afraid of."

"But why should they be afraid of me?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you. Haven't you any idea? Can't you think?"

"I've no data to think with. I hardly knew they existed until Father's last illness. Oh, he'd mentioned Swiss Lake in connection with little things that had happened there, and I'd known he had a brother Thomas and a younger sister who died. But that was all, until near the end.

"Then Father told me that he had quarreled with Grandfather over the way he'd treated Flora, and left him; told him that he'd never come back until Grandfather admitted he'd been wrong and sent for him. Father felt sorry about that. He thought perhaps he should have made the first advance. It would have been pretty hard for an old man like Grandfather to admit he'd been in the wrong.

"So he told me, if I could, to make the quarrel up: to offer, in a friendly way, to renew relations. So, not very long after he died, I wrote a letter to Uncle Thomas, and never had an answer to it. But that didn't necessarily mean anything. And when I came back to this country I thought I'd look them up."

"Blair," she said, "Colonel Boardman did write a letter to your father. He offered to make up the quarrel, and asked him to come back, quite a long time ago. Your father never came and never answered the letter. He told me all that yesterday afternoon. Do you suppose one of them—either your Uncle Thomas or Franklin—got hold of the letter and tore it up? Could that be why they're frightened?"

"That seems perfectly in character with my Uncle Thomas, and with Franklin too," he remarked grimly. "But I don't see that that gives them anything to be so frightened about, now that Father's dead. There must have been something else."

"It was probably something about his money, don't you think?" Phyllis said speculatively. "He told me in our first talk—that was just before I came out of the town house and met you—that they were all waiting for him to die, and interested in his will. I suppose he's awfully rich."

"He disinherited Father at the time of the quarrel—at least, he told him that was what he was going to do. He may have said in that letter that if Father would come back and make up the quarrel he'd make a will that gave him his share."

She caught it up. "And they're afraid that if he sees you, and you tell him your father never got his letter, he'll make a new will now. Wait a minute, though. Blair, listen! What they'd come upstairs to do when I heard them talking outside my door was to search his rooms—while he was drugged, of course, with the morphine Dr. Charles had given him.

"I heard Franklin say he wished they had Herbert to help them on the job: that he'd be more likely to find 'it' than either of them. Don't you suppose your grandfather has already made his will, leaving part of his money to you, or to your father? Perhaps he said so in the letter. If they found the will they could tear it up."

"VERY likely," he agreed—but a little absently, as if he were thinking about something else. "Phyllis, what did Grandfather think about my turning up? About the reason for it, I mean. Did he think I was coming to get something out of him?"

She couldn't lie to him.

"Yes, he did. But you mustn't mind that. He suspects everybody. He suspects me. He can't help it. They've driven him—half crazy, anyhow."

"They're a sweet bunch," he observed. "Do you think there's one really decent, scrupulous person in the lot? Among the men, I mean?"

He must have read something in her face, for instantly he went on:

"You don't think the women are in on it too—Edith and young Elizabeth?"

"Oh, I don't know what I think!" she cried.

"Mrs. Pierce saw you when you rang the doorbell the other day. She heard you tell the caretaker you were Colonel Boardman's grandson. He was right there in the house then; and yet she let the woman turn you away.

"Later she was watching us from the window, I think. That's why I made you walk down the street. And I think it's because she told them I'd talked to you that they tried to keep me from coming down here yesterday.

"I *do* think Elizabeth's all right. But she slipped out of the house with Herbert last night. They went down to that ice house over there. Herbert's got a shop in it. She told me afterward she'd been out roaming around, and didn't mention Herbert. She didn't know I'd seen him."

HE sprang to his feet.

"Look here, Phyllis! Let's go as we are, and find a farmer with a Ford and a couple of lap robes. Let's go back to the house and pack up our things. I don't want any of the old man's infernal money; I've got enough of my own. I'll tell 'em so—to ease their minds. Then we'll clear out and leave them to stew in their own juice."

"It's a good plan," she admitted, "as far as you're concerned. I'll feel a lot easier, in a way, when you're safely out of their hands. I can't go, of course."

"I'd like to know why not!"

"Well, in the first place, it's my job. Your grandfather's already paid me for a week in advance, and I can't just go off and leave him to them. I don't know what it was they tried to do last night; but I'm—I'm going to stay until I find out."

"You're a peach!" he told her. "But you're perfectly dumb if you think that I'd go off and leave you. I only came because you were here. I had enough of Uncle Thomas and of Franklin yesterday. I knew they weren't regular people. If it hadn't been for you, I'd have trumped up some excuse or other and taken the afternoon train for Washington."

"You'd seen me," she commented, "for less than ten minutes."

"And I didn't need as long as that," he told her. "I was horribly disappointed when you told me you weren't my cousin, but before you got on that bus I was glad you weren't."

Neither spoke for a minute after that.

He came back and sat down beside her. "All right," he said; "then it's decided we're going to see it through. We're partners, aren't we?"

She nodded and gave him the hand he reached for. The clasp lingered through another silent minute. Then, with a sigh, she released hers and moved a little further away from him.

"I've such a frightful lot to tell you," she candidly explained, "that I've just got to keep my mind on it."

He agreed reluctantly. But once she'd started her story he gave his mind to it completely.

"Do you see," she asked, when she'd finished telling him about her first interview with Thomas and the subsequent one with the old Colonel, "do you see why I didn't tell you then that he was right there in the house and that Edith Pierce had seen you turned away? I didn't know which side I was working for. If he was crazy, they were doing perfectly right in planting me on him, and I was working for them. But if he was sane, I was working for him.

"I didn't know then which he was. I'm not really sure now. I can see now why he asked me if I believed in ghosts. He didn't want me if I was going to fall for Edith's stuff. But what he said about the soap sounded perfectly wild."

"I don't think it was," he told her. "He's got an abnormally acute sense of smell. He could smell Edith's incense, and he knew that you weren't made up. If you always used the same soap he'd know whether anyone else than you had meddled with his papers."

"Gosh!" she said, with a grin of relief, "I'm glad you're here. Well, then, he's sane so far."

She finished telling him about her long talk with the old man in his study after lunch on Friday afternoon.

"He's as sane as I am," Blair said, then. "I don't care what's happened since. You were dead right to decide not to leave him to them. We'll stand by until we've straightened this thing out. Go ahead and tell me about last night."

She went into this in the fullest possible detail, and the autumn afternoon was waning before she finished.

"Well," she asked him, then, "what do you think?"

"I know what I think about you," he told her.

"I'd like to hear you tell me," she said simply. "But, Blair, we haven't time. I've got to go back to him. What do you think they're doing to him? Or aren't they doing anything, and has he lost his poor old mind at last?"

"They're doing it, all right," he said with conviction. "The thing I can't quite get is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE retrieved a couple of balls, and carried them back to Blair. She said: "I must get a chance for a talk with you about your grandfather."

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO Continued from Page 47]

that clock. Phyllis, did Flora say anything about it in her letter?"

"Yes, she did. She said the house was so still she could hear it ticking."

"Well, I know what's the first thing I want to do," he said. "I want to get inside the old ice house over there and see how Herbert's doing it. The other end of the line is more important, but you're the one to attend to that. You can probably get a chance to make a search there."

"The other end of the line? Where?"

"Grandfather's bedroom. They've got a microphone in there, of course. That's how Charles knew that you were keeping back part of what happened this morning.

"The other thing will be some sort of loud-speaker. They wouldn't have to hide them so awfully carefully. He's blind, you know, and Haller's in on it. They may be simply under the bed or in some bureau drawer that Haller could open when necessary. If there are any gratings in the room, like a hot-air register or a ventilator, they may be there. But I think the best bet is one of the bureau drawers."

"I think I see what you mean," she said. "You mean that they make him hear noises; that somebody talks to him in the middle of the night, pretending she's Flora. Blair—you don't mean Elizabeth! She couldn't do a hideous thing like that."

"You saw her go down to the ice house with Herbert in the middle of the night, you remember. What are they afraid will happen if he talks to me? That he'll find out that they burned his letter to Father; that he'll be angry, and make a new will, leaving his money to me.

"Well, if he's insane he can't make a new will. They've been trying pretty hard to make you think he was insane. If he begins hearing voices that aren't there, that's pretty good evidence of it. That's what Charles was trying to get at this morning when he talked to you—assuming, that is, that Charles really is a crook, like the others.

"THERE is this in his favor. A thoroughly crooked doctor could have bedeviled the old man into his grave or into an insane asylum years ago. But it seems that Uncle Thomas and Franklin had to wait till now, when Grandfather really needed the morphine, for a chance to search his room.

"There's a chance that Charles is almost anything, up to a perfectly honest man. If he isn't, he came up to try to get Grandfather to admit that he'd been hearing things. When the old man wouldn't talk to him, he turned you on him. You'd be an ideal witness in insanity proceedings or in contesting a new will."

"He's already made a will, hasn't he, putting you in—or your father? Don't you think that's what they were trying to find this afternoon?"

"I don't believe so. If he has, it wouldn't do them any good to destroy it, because if he died without leaving any will I'd get half of all he left. No, we aren't to the bottom of that yet. But we have got to the bottom of Flora's ghost, all right. As soon as we get back, go into Grandfather's bedroom. When you find the microphone and the loud-speaker, disconnect the wires. Then there won't be any more ghosts—for the present, anyway.

"When he comes out of the dope, tell him what you've found. That'll relieve his mind. He must have wondered, last night and this morning, whether he wasn't actually losing his wits. Persuade him, if you can, not to make a row about it—not until you've given me a chance at the other end. I'd like to catch that bunch red-handed. I'd like to do it tonight."

SHE shivered. "I wish the night were over," she said. "I suppose we'd better be going back."

"You're cold," he said, with a good deal of concern. "I hate to have you go into that water again."

"I'm not cold," she answered. "And the swim will be nothing, now that I don't have to worry about you."

"Well, here's luck to us!"

They clasped hands again on his word, and walked down to the brink, across the soft sand. There they paused and looked at each other.

"This is our last chance," she reminded him. "Is there anything more to say?"

They stood looking into each other's faces.

"Not to say," he remarked.

She smiled—rather idiotically, she felt. Apparently it didn't strike him that way, though, for he kissed her. Then they went into the water with a run.

* * *

It was dark when they landed.

"We must look like ghosts ourselves," she said, as, hand in hand, they made their way up the path among the trees to the house.

They halted a moment outside the door.

"Oh, do take care!" she just breathed to him.

"I'm going to take care—of you," he told her.

While she dressed she kept slipping into a dreamy state of perfectly vacant-minded beatitude. She'd find herself sitting with one stocking half on, call herself an idiot and shake herself awake, only to relapse again.

She got dressed at last, somehow; but when a knock at her door put an end to her time for reflection, she was still unprovided with any plan for carrying out the task Blair had assigned to her.

She opened the door and found herself confronting Dr. Charles.

"Can you let me in for a minute?" he asked.

Something about his manner and the look in his face caused her to nod an immediate assent and step back from the doorway.

Before the next day dawned, Phyllis had lived through the most terrible night she was to spend under the Boardman roof. Read about it in next week's LIBERTY.

Men damned him, and yet followed him. He died in France, an American hero. His thrilling story begins soon in LIBERTY.

The SPORTS COAT SWAGGERS in to TEA

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

A one-piece dress with black tweed for the skirt and blue velvet for the blouse. The accompanying coat is of black tweed.

This dress is made of dark green jersey for the skirt and trimmings. The blouse is of light green satin or crêpe de Chine.

THERE is a certain type of girl in Paris just now who is a very picturesque figure. She goes about in her ultra-sports coat that is coarsely woven and strongly colored. It has large pockets, a high collar, and raglan sleeves. Automatically it registers on one's mind as a trench coat, and is very appropriately accompanied by a hat of natural-colored felt and shoes with thick soles.

One makes the fashion comment that evidently the sports type of costuming is going to prevail. The girl even goes to tea in it. One wonders if it is really quite dressy enough to wear to tea. The costume would seem to be almost outdoing the sports ideals at their sportiest. But, lo and behold! she removes this outer garment and one sees a very different type of figure indeed.

Sometimes she is garbed in a kasha skirt, or perhaps one of jersey, that is topped with a long blouse of velvet which tries to accommodate itself to the sports feeling by being in Scotch plaid or stripes.

Another day she will wear this same coat and on removing it display a dress even more at variance with the sports motif. The whole point to this ensemble, as a matter of fact, will be that it isn't an ensemble at all and is held together by contrast instead of blending, and a contrast not between mere materials, but between two big style movements which are contesting for supremacy in Paris today.

This frock will be what is known as a very elegant "little dress." It perhaps will be made of diagonal rows of fringe, created by cutting the material into thin bias strands, each of which is weighted at the bottom by a glistening pearl through which it is drawn.

Thus Fashion is sanctioning the very thing it has spent years in teaching us to shun. Do not wear a rough and ready coat with a dainty dress, has been one of the mandates sent out by Paris.

Perhaps we had better watch our step in disregarding this old command when we arrange our own costuming. For, after all, that coat isn't so awfully rough and ready, on examination. It is like one of these cultivated and pedigreed bulldogs that growl so fiercely and take cold easily. It has a refined rough-and-readiness that comes from a long ancestry of sports coats, and is dressy, if not fragile, at heart. At least it is extremely self-conscious, and it really in itself has the cachet, or the stamp, of a certain type of costuming prevailing.

The other style flows along beside it on the same boulevards and in the same salons for tea. This second style expresses itself in a sober and refined elegance: in lovely coats of broadcloth and velvet, in heavy silks, and even in lamés. When I saw them side by side and equally important, I found myself repeating that the battle goes not always to the strong, but to the steadfast, the vigilant, the brave.

In this fashion war the sports clothes are the ones to be grouped under the "strong" faction, and the more delicately refined costumes are the ones rallied under the steadfast and the brave. The makers of them have patiently bided their time, never forcing them on an unprepared or unwilling public, but never withdrawing this type of costuming with its alluring graces.

Could it be that we are now witnessing the first capitulation of the sports movement, that has been so slow to die? Is it now keeping up merely an outward mask of sportsmanship, while disintegrating underneath, or at least bowing to a craving for something more refined and elaborate?

The two dresses here shown represent the sports movement as developed today, although not such extreme examples of it as the costume of the young woman described in the beginning of this letter.

The skirt of the costume on the left is of black tweed, which in itself almost deserves a paragraph of mention as a material—it is so refined, while retaining a little of the hardiness of the Scottish cloth from which it is derived. French tweed in black is an admirable example of the decadence of sports things, with the rough finish of the hardy and the soft refinement of the "dressy" satins and silks.

This one is topped with a blue velvet blouse, along the delicate edge of which the tweed is actually sewn in the outline of a V, or a Y perhaps more accurately, at the throat. Or the blouse could be of gray crêpe de Chine.

The coat is of the tweed, with a lining of the gray crêpe de Chine when the blouse is made in this material. In other cases it is usually kept all black, with a long-haired, light-colored fur around the throat. Badger is very good.

SATIN used with jersey is another of the devices for having your cake and eating it too, or, in other words, for retaining your sports form of costuming that is declining into something more elaborate.

The second dress is made often in green satin on a jersey skirt of deeper green. Of course, there is nothing to keep you from having this blouse too of crêpe de Chine, if you prefer it. The dress has a yoke that is like a collar coming out on the shoulders, and this as well as the cuffs is of the green jersey.

He couldn't win and he knew it, but he went down with a gun in each hand, this fighting flier whose life story will begin in LIBERTY soon.

SPRING STYLES
Bloom Under the Palms

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, December 4.

THE Train of Time will soon be approaching the annual after-Christmas flop. To avoid the mental derailment that means monotonous hours of waiting for something to set us moving again, some girls go South, filling in the days of the dying year with the thrilling pursuit of getting new clothes for the trip.

Those who can't go may very profitably get in some research on Southern styles. These modes for Palm Beach and the Riviera are going to have an effect on spring fashions for Northern climates, and you can avoid the inter-holiday boredom by laying up the treasure of advance knowledge on what to wear later on.

Paris prepares Southern styles in October and November. They are tried out in the fire of critical amateur and professional judgment. When they emerge in the sunny light of the Southern winter they are styles that will carry on into the Northern springtime.

It takes a long time to make a style. Those who watch 'em grow can pick the winners without waiting, when the time comes to refurbish the wardrobe *à la printemps*.

Color and fabric—these are the first two great pronouncements of springtime chic. And color precedes all. Golden yellow, in the pale tones of early morning and the mellow shades of midday, is the primary color of Southern styles. First spring greens, in yellow and grayish tints, and aquamarine blues of Southland seas, are important nuances. Pinky beiges and rosy grays, like those seen on old walls, are important colors. And there is, of course, that dazzling absence of color—white.

And in fabrics what have we? An old, old favorite—China silk. Tub silks too, that can stand the triple test of water, soap, and well heated irons. They are chiefly tussah, shantung, and Rodier's silk-and-wool tusli- and muslikashas; yards and yards of spring broadcloth; and jerseys, naturally. Jersey is usually of lacy weave or patterned with delicate stripes. Crêpe de Chine is not forbidden.

Women who have to choose for a Northern springtime, none too friendly to ephemeral fabrics, will look to broadcloth, which has some protective value as well as chic. Those interested please regard our broadcloth ensemble for Southern wear from Jenny.

Yellow-green muslikasha makes this frock from Jane Regny. The narrow belt of sea serpent has a silver buckle.

A Southern ensemble (left) of yellow broadcloth, with a sweater and ties of gold and yellow. Nowitzky designed the frock of striped China silk, with jade rings replacing buttons and holding the shirred girdle.

The collarless coat is of golden-yellow broadcloth, straight-line in cut, and banded with bias strips of self-material, the double bands around the coat making a detour around the slit pockets. The straight sleeves are banded with small spirals of self-material.

The unique detail of this coat is a very long, rather narrow scarf tie of yellow-and-gold tricot, which passes through a double slit at the back of the neck and ties in a bow at the throat in front. The straight sweater is of yellow wool and gold thread jersey in fine stripes, with a Y-shaped neckband and a wide belt of jersey, fastened under a pearl buckle. The broadcloth skirt is wrapped around, plaited and flared at the left side-front from four cartridge plaits below the waistline.

One of the most important things to study is the significance of the ornament. I say ornament as opposed to trimming, because what I am talking about is the jewel, the buckle, the cuff links, and the buttons that are supremely indicative of real cachet.

Our model by Mary Nowitzky owes its real distinction first of all to the ornaments used. These are jade rings of the size and shape of curtain rings. Nowitzky makes the simplest of frocks of China silk, striped in pinky beige, rose, and rosy gray, fastens it down the left side-front with jade rings, and makes a girdle of the self-material, shirred on three jade rings at the front. The striped skirt is merely waved, hardly plaited, and the rather ample bishop sleeves are given narrow band cuffs attached with jade rings.

Our model from Jane Regny presents the buckle and necklace ornament with the simple daytime frock. This two-piece frock is pale yellow-green in color. Its material is tuslikasha, combining the weave of tussah with the long nap of kasha. Cartridge tucks in rows of three trim this model, which has a cunning circular jabot at the left side of both waist and skirt. The narrow belt of green water serpent has a silver buckle which repeats the design of the tucks, and a necklace made of big oval aquamarines is set in silver.

The new cardigan jacket is made of lace tricot. Drecoll bands this one of brown with yellow broadcloth.

No matter what the vagaries of fashion when spring breaks, you will want in your wardrobe a sweater jacket, with the usual skirt and jumper blouse. Then, you must select something different in the way of fabrics and color.

The Drecoll three-piece sports suit sketched here is a good indicator of what to pick. The cardigan will be of rich brown lacy tricot, banded about with yellow broadcloth. It should have dainty, feminine tucked and flared cuffs. The jumper blouse is of yellow broadcloth, trimmed with scroll embroidery in brown, and the plaited skirt is of brown beige and yellow plaid woolen.

If you can wear yellow, so much the better. It is first for spring. If you can't, then sea blue, or green the color of the first leaves, will be smart indeed.

You will thrill to his adventures in mountains and deserts. His heroic death in France will evoke your wonder, your tears. This story of a great American ace will appear soon in LIBERTY.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

?

A PERFECT mark on this last quiz of the year can hardly be attained without benefit of research, and you may not find time for this at such a busy season. There's a way out of the difficulty, however.

Next week's LIBERTY will solve all of the riddles, and you probably will be able to stand the suspense until the first issue of the New Year reaches you.

1—During what part of the day do the greatest number of deaths occur?

2—What college degree did Charles Lindbergh receive for his trans-Atlantic flight?

3—What compensation did World War veterans receive under the Federal bonus law?

4—What was Raphael's last and unfinished painting?

5—How many degrees wide is each Standard Time division?

6—Why was William F. Cody called Buffalo Bill?

7—How is the idea that bad luck is attached to the number 13 commonly explained?

8—Does the American flag, flying over a building under construction, signify anything other than the placing of the last girder?

9—Does light have weight?

10—What has sometimes been used in place of anæsthesia in surgical operations?

11—When was the slot machine first used?

12—What two nations produce the most wheat?

13—Name five Presidents who were soldiers in the War of 1812.

14—How long does it take for all of the blood in the human body to pass through the heart?

15—Do a bird's feathers affect its flying?

16—How many bridges were destroyed in Vermont by the recent flood?

17—How many cities did Colonel Lindbergh visit on his recent tour of the country?

18—Where did the waltz originate?

19—What insect can lay twice its own weight in eggs in a day?

20—What country had casualties in the World War approximating 95 per cent of its enlistments?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What error was made in the first Lindbergh air-mail stamp?
A.—Newfoundland was shown as three distinct islands instead of one.

2—What is a "Scotch verdict"?
A.—An inconclusive verdict, permitted under Scotch law, which declares a charge "not proven."

3—How much out of the perpendicular is the Leaning Tower of Pisa?
A.—Sixteen and one-half feet.

4—What causes an echo?
A.—The rebounding of sound waves from some object that has obstructed their passage.

5—What was the Gunpowder Plot?
A.—A conspiracy hatched by religious malcontents in England in 1605 to blow up King James I and the Parliament.

6—When was cork first used for bottle stoppers?
A.—Between 1680 and 1715, by a monk of the Abbey of Haut Villers, France.

7—What are known as electric fish?
A.—The electric eel, African catfish, and the torpedo, which can discharge electricity at will.

8—What is the earliest known use, in English literature, of the expression, "I do not choose"?
A.—It occurs, with various paraphrases, in The Merchant of Venice, Twelfth Night, and other Shakespearean plays.

9—What is the origin of the word "spinster"?
A.—It probably derives from the "spindle side" of a house, where the unmarried women of a family did their spinning.

10—At what age are human beings almost entirely immune to diphtheria?
A.—During the first year of life.

11—What is the longest unguarded frontier in the world?
A.—The border line between Canada and the United States, which is left unprotected in accordance with a treaty.

12—Where was illuminating gas first used in the United States?
A.—In Boston, in 1822.

13—What States have women Representatives in Congress?
A.—California, Kentucky, Massachusetts, and New Jersey each has one.

14—Were persons condemned as witches in early New England burned at the stake?
A.—There are no records of burnings. When sentenced to death, witches were hanged.

15—What is frankincense?
A.—An aromatic gum used in making incense.

16—What was the seating capacity of the Colosseum in Rome?
A.—Eighty-seven thousand.

17—What is specific gravity?
A.—It is the weight of a body compared with the same volume of water.

18—What is the normal temperature of the human body?
A.—98.4° to 98.6° Fahrenheit.

19—Who is the only man in American history who has held the offices of Chief Justice and President?
A.—William Howard Taft.

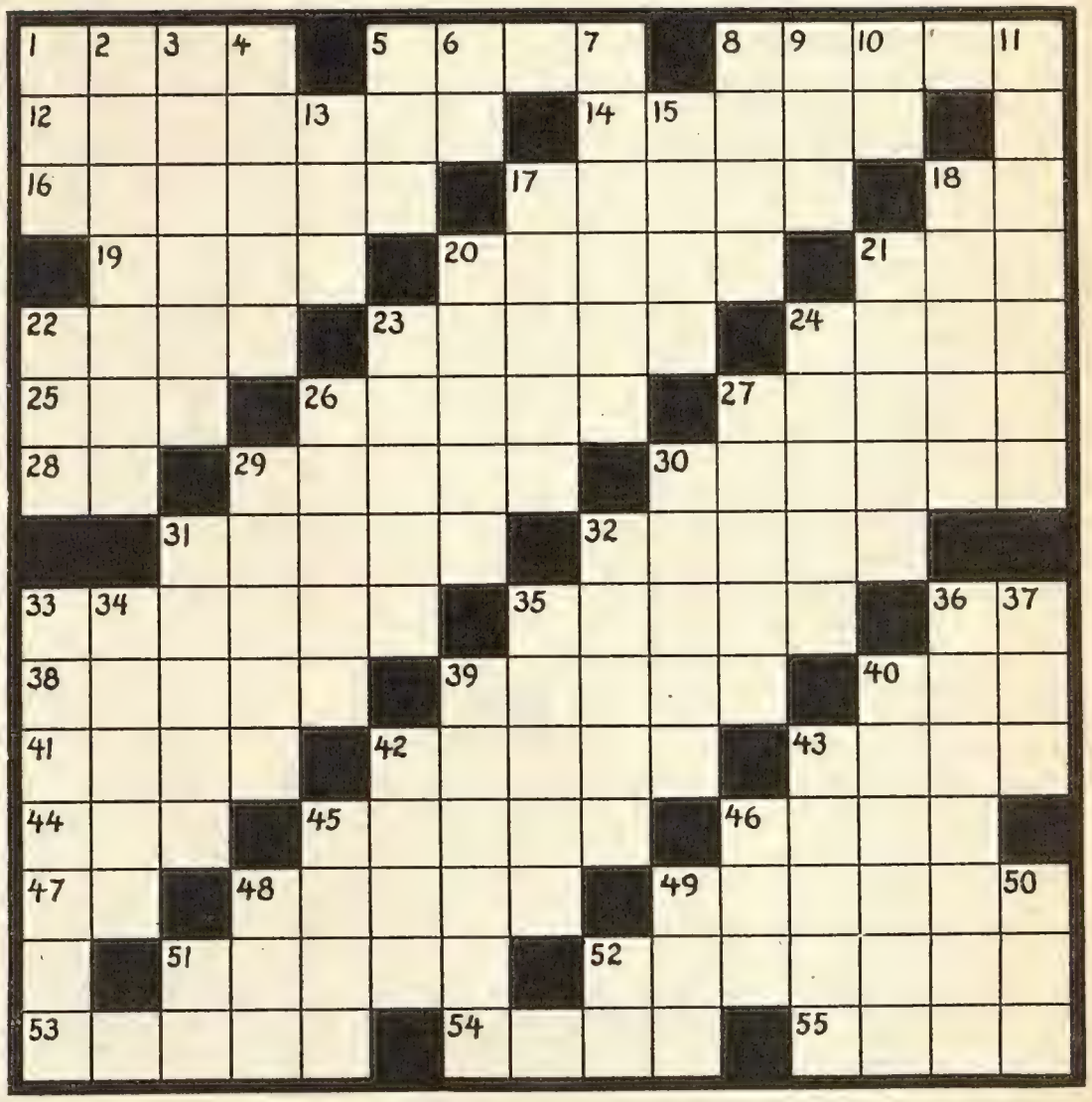
20—What is an infallible method of detecting paste diamonds?
A.—Real diamonds are transparent to X rays; paste diamonds are not.

Ladderpuzzle

A Simple Form of

REPEATING the announcement made in the two preceding issues: The offer of a weekly prize for original cross-word puzzles has been discontinued, and there will be no awards for the solution of LIBERTY'S own puzzles that will appear each week.

Nothing in this fifteen-square construction should make a trip to the dictionary necessary, but unusual definitions for two or three commonly used words may puzzle you temporarily.

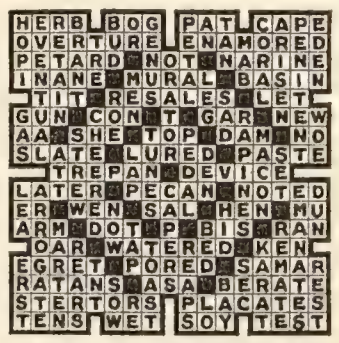


HORIZONTAL

1 Masculine proper name
5 Prod
8 Part of the leg (plural)
12 Reduced in grade
14 Insipid
16 A golf club
17 Garments
18 Else
19 Frozen
20 Tramped
21 Salutation
22 Poems
23 Treated with vapors
24 Cold sliced cabbage
25 Particular matter or thing
26 Imitated
27 Ill will
28 Like
29 Son of Priam, King of Troy
30 Cut into thin pieces
31 Confronted
32 Gaze steadily
33 Ascended by steps
35 Push
36 Partake of reality
38 Part of a horse's harness (plural)
39 Plant of the onion kind
40 Cardinal number
41 Hebrew measure
42 Dirty, sticky substance
43 Cubic measure
44 Espoused
45 Reaches from one point to another
46 Tibetan monk
47 Combining form: dawn
48 Scanty
49 Buccaneer
51 Winged
52 Legislative bodies
53 Sylvan deity
54 Jog
55 Foxes

VERTICAL

1 Augment
2 Mocks
3 Ecclesiastical hoods
4 Stirs
5 By
6 Alleged natural power
7 Summoned forth
8 Hastened
9 Possessive pronoun
10 A small fish
11 Scattered
13 Spread for drying
15 In bed
17 Hoarfrost (plural)
18 Oval
20 Damp
21 Feminine proper name
22 Anglo-Saxon coin
23 Burned
24 Steeple
26 Heavy clubs
27 Serf
29 Dimmer
30 Heating device
31 Celebrated
32 Thin pieces of leveling material
33 Rains
34 Gem carved in relief
35 Gleam
36 Chided
37 Culminated
39 Red wine
40 A fruit
42 Gaiter
43 Measure of weight for gems
45 To box
46 Linden
48 Artful
49 Fondle
50 Letter of the alphabet
51 By
52 Thus



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

CROWDS

Experts Explain the Strange Ways of Mobs

An Article by

JOHN R. TUNIS

(Reading time: 15 minutes 35 seconds.)

IT was a hot afternoon of last July, just a few days before the battle between William Harrison Dempsey and Joseph Paul Cukoschay of Boston. From the street below a warm breeze came through the open window into a room of thick rugs and armchairs and heavy mahogany furniture.

It was an office; but it looked much more like the office of a bank president than that of a fight promoter—and, incidentally, the office of the greatest specialist on crowds in the world, George L. (Tex) Rickard.

"Fight crowds tough?" he echoed in answer to my question. "No; fight crowds aren't tough. They used to be. Today fight spectators make up the easiest crowd we have to handle."

Inasmuch as Rickard handled about 1,000,000 people last year in four or five different sports, he ought to have an idea of what he's saying.

That's the first surprise you get when you start talking crowds to crowd experts. After all, what is a crowd, anyway? What is a fight crowd, a football crowd, a World's Series crowd?

A crowd is You!

Five thousand, 55,000, 155,000 Yous. A mass of Yous from the whole country over, gathered together for a few brief hours in a ball park or a stadium. But, curiously enough, you act differently in a crowd than you do individually.

You are perfectly able to find your way through dense traffic in an automobile, or to tune in on any particular station you want, even though it's hundreds of miles away. Because you are acting alone.

Once you get to be part of the crowd, you are apt to lose your head. Confusion arises. Otherwise—take it from Rickard, who knows what he's talking about—there wouldn't be any problem in the handling of crowds.

"To handle crowds properly, everything must be made foolproof," he went on. "It's not enough to have signs and placards and directions so the average man can understand them, because the crowd mind is below average.

"Your ticket to a big fight is scanned from five to seven times between the outside gate and your seat. If we didn't do this, there would be a mob of people milling around in the wrong seats in ten minutes or less."

That's what all the specialists say. It's necessary to prepare for the lowest-common-denominator mind in the crowd. Everything must be foolproof.

Did you ever note that great cities like New York and Chicago usually stage most of the big events that attract crowds? The reason is that in a large city, hotels, transportation facilities, restaurants, all the necessities for dealing with crowds, are at hand.

That was why the Dempsey-Gibbons fight in Shelby, Montana, was a fizzle. There was no shelter for the crowd, and there would have been nothing for them to eat had they ever got there. But a big city and a big stadium, the bigger the better—this is the best place of all to handle a crowd successfully.

Rickard likes the Yankee Stadium in New York, where the Dempsey-Sharkey fight was held.

"It's a perfect place for a crowd, because the ticket-holder can scarcely make a mistake," he said. "You come in with a seat for the balcony, and enter by a gate that leads into a ramp which opens only on to the balcony. If your ticket calls for a seat at ringside, you can't get upstairs, because you come in through another gate that empties out only on to the field."

But Billy Stillman doesn't agree with his boss entirely. William A. Stillman is Rickard's chief usher. He thinks the Sesqui Stadium in Philadelphia is almost perfect.

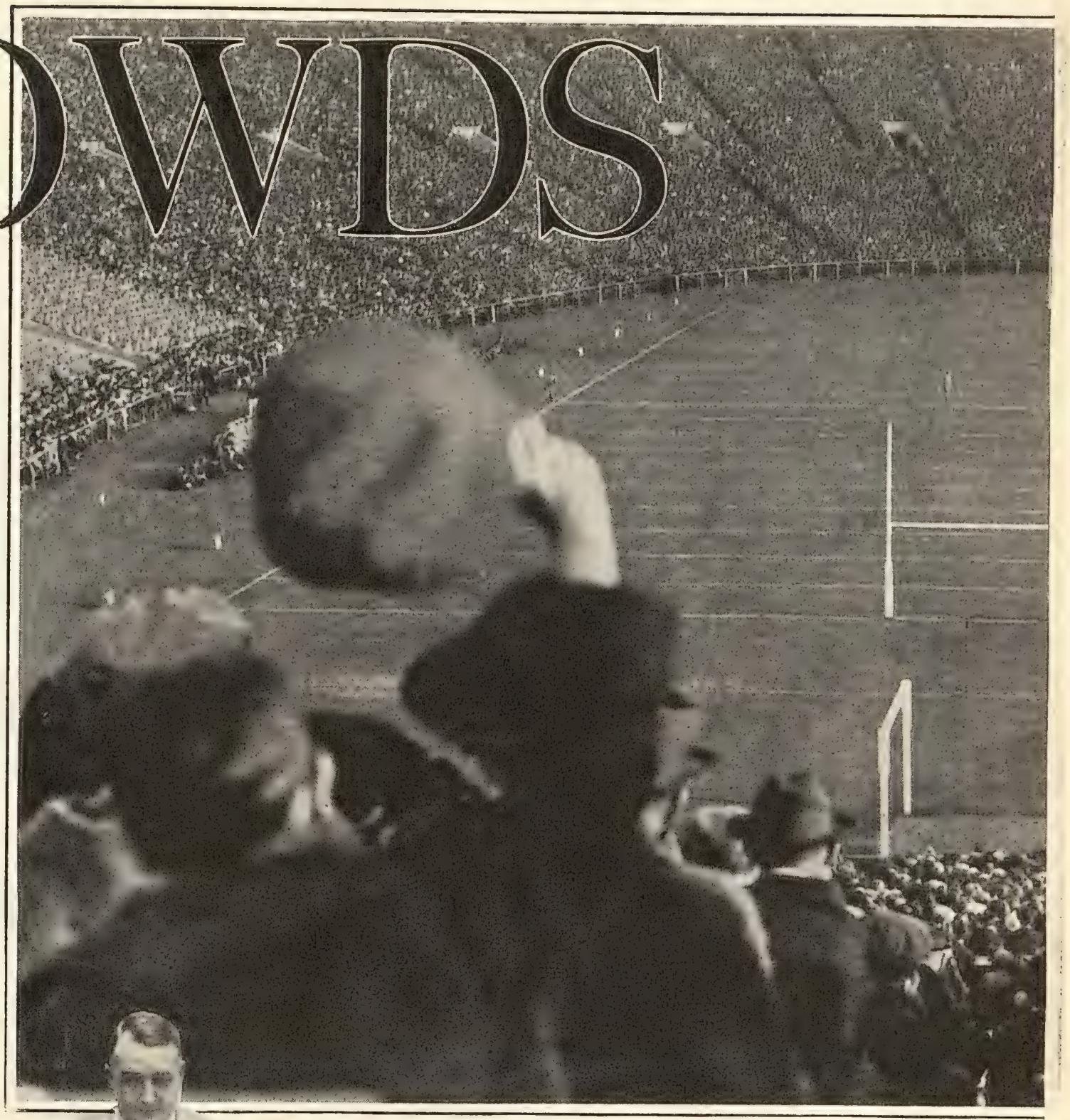
"Philadelphia was ideal for a championship fight," he said. "At six that night we had 75,000 persons in their seats. At eight, 110,000. At eight-thirty the boss came around to me and asked how things were going. You know up to the time the men get their instructions from the referee in the ring, he's circulating all over the place. It was then an hour and a half before the big fight. I said to him:

"'Mr. R., I'm through!'

"He thought I was kidding. So I took him out to the gates. They were empty. The crowd was in and seated."

Rickard says this was the easiest fight he ever handled, although it was next to the largest.

There was, you may remember, some ques-



The great Yale Bowl at New Haven, during one of the big

Int. photos

SIGNING the articles that drew a crowd of 90,000 persons to the Yankee Stadium, New York, for a prize fight. (Left to right, seated) Jack Dempsey, Tex Rickard, the promoter; Jack Sharkey, otherwise known as Joseph Paul Cukoschay. Sharkey's manager, John Buckley, is standing.

packed to its capacity of 80,000 Eastern football games.

tion as to whether the Dempsey-Tunney battle at Chicago would outdraw the fight at Philadelphia. Early reports seemed to indicate that the Chicago battle would be a sell-out; that the crowd would surpass by nearly 50,000 the crowd at the Sesqui Stadium.

The paid attendance at Chicago—take it from the Department of Internal Revenue, which hires no press agents, and is apt to know what it is talking about—was just over 145,000.

THE Chicago crowd was the largest, but the Sesqui crowd was the easiest to handle. Despite the rain, despite the distance from which most of the spectators came, the fight of 1926 went off more smoothly than any other fight in the history of boxing. The reason, so Billy Stillman says, was that the crowd came early.

"The great mistake all crowds make is in coming late," he continued. "They wait until the last minute, until the main bout, and then they all try to get in at once.

"Come early! The ones who give us the most trouble of all are not the boys in the cheap seats up in the mezzanine. No; they arrive early, take their places quietly, and bother no one. But the ringside-seat holders—Millionaires' Row, we call 'em!—that's where the fuss comes, because they are always late.

"They shove in at the first gate they come to, just so they get inside. The moment they hear the crowd yelling within, they start running to the nearest entrance. It's Mr. Twenty-Seven-Dollar Seat who worries us most of all."

Stillman, who also handles the crowds at the Madison Square Garden in New York, agrees with his boss that a fight crowd isn't the hardest crowd they have to handle.

"A fight crowd is a good crowd, on the whole," he maintains. "In the first place, it's mostly a high-priced crowd. In the second, it comes from all over the country. Fifty to 60 per cent is an out-of-town crowd. Whereas a hockey crowd at the Garden is almost entirely a city crowd, its members always kicking about their seats, always trying to get better ones any way they can.

"But the fiercest crowd of all is the six-day bike crowd. That's the hardest bunch to deal with in the whole United States. Bike racing is the one sport that's popular all over Europe, and we get a lot of people who patronize no other event. Like the hockey crowd, they try to grab the good seats; and they have a much better chance of working up front.

"Folks come in to a bike race for an hour or so and leave. When the usher's back is turned, someone in the cheaper seats will climb down to a vacated place. Often the customer who left will give or sell his seat to a man outside, who claims the place that may be taken by someone without a ticket. Yes, sir, the six-day bike race crowd is the roughest, toughest, hardest crowd in this country."

At the fight staged by Rickard between Dempsey and Sharkey there were 500 ushers, fifty section heads, fifty directors, and several hundred ticket-takers and helpers. In addition, 400 policemen patrolled the stadium inside and out, as well as a corps of special officers hired for the day: 1,000 persons to get 90,000 spectators properly seated.

WHY is it that it takes one usher to 180 onlookers and one cop to 225 spectators to get this crowd of Yous inside the gates and into your proper seating spaces?

Because every large body of people is composed of a number of extremely dumb Yous, who, as Tex Rickard says, pull the crowd mind below average. They are the ones who must be gently guided—they who walk around the stadium twice looking for their sections, although the tickets are plainly labeled.

But there is another group that is anything but dumb. This army, led by their star, One-Eyed Connolly, the world's champion gate-crasher, always manages to get in to the best seats without paying.

At the Dempsey-Sharkey fight a fan perched upon the fence of the bleachers in right field, close to the dividing line between the low-priced and the high-priced seats. He had paid two dollars and twenty cents for his place, and he had been there since 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or eight hours.

One-Eyed Connolly, the champion gate-crasher, being more or less gently shown out by a police sergeant.

Just a few feet away were the seats costing twenty-two dollars—a paradise forbidden him by a fence of barbed wire, augmented by a force of policemen and ushers.

Suddenly there was a commotion down below. The fans rose in their seats to see the fun. In a second the stands were in an uproar:

"Sit down!"

"Hey, you, sit down! Down in front, down in front, down in front!"

"Yes—you, you big red-headed stiff. Sit down!"

"Who you calling a red-headed stiff? I'll knock your block off—"

But the crowd would not get down. Except for one man. He had his straw hat bashed in by a wad of wet newspapers, and he was getting the worst of a scrap with someone behind.

The ushers galloped down, the special policemen shoved through the crowd in haste, for a small scrap like this can grow rapidly. Here was the chance of a lifetime for the man in the two-twenty seat.

He edged his way under the barbed wire, stepped quickly down the aisle past the ushers and policemen, and slipped unobtrusively into a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CROWDS Continued from Page Fifty-three]

twenty-two-dollar seat. There he was, but there he didn't stay. Ten minutes later he had wormed his way past the next barrier, and when the main bout started his chin was within ten feet of Dempsey's corner!

Next to Rickard and his associates, the greatest crowd specialist in the country is Captain Louis M. Haupt of the Twenty-first Precinct Police Station in upper New York City, where the Yankee Stadium is located. In fact, Captain Haupt probably has a wider experience with crowds than Rickard, for he handles all sorts of fans.

He helped seat the 90,000 Yous who went to the Dempsey-Sharkey fight, he guided 70,000 out-of-town Yous into their seats at the Army-Navy football game of 1925, and he assisted the 200,000 Yous who swarmed East to see the Yankee-St. Louis World's Series in the fall of 1926. He hasn't much love for a New York crowd.

"No, sir; give me an out-of-town crowd every time," he says. "That Army-Navy crowd is one swell bunch of folks; they come on time and get out quietly without any rough stuff. They figure on making a little holiday of it and spending a couple of days in the city. And they have plenty of time to do things right. No trouble at all with them.

"Which gives the most trouble? Well, a fight crowd is hard for the police because it takes place at night. Night makes it easier for crooks and dips to operate unless it's a sell-out. If it's a sell-out, the whole thing is a cinch. Then we throw out a cut-off line. A cut-off line is a cordon about 200 feet around the stadium, and no one can get inside unless he shows a ticket.

"Naturally, no dip is going to pay twenty-seven dollars to get into a fight on the chance of making a haul, when there are lots and lots of free crowds roaming about all the time.

"A World's Series crowd is good. The trouble we have with the series crowd is the kids. You can't take your kid to a fight, and seats for a big football game are too hard to get. But many folks take their kids to ball games, and lots of the kids come alone and wait five or six hours in line for a seat in the bleachers. Once inside, they get restless.

"The moment the officer's back is turned, they start moving. Usually they end up in the grand stand, where they spend the time before the game walking up and down the empty seats or sliding along the railings. One kid can make an officer's life miserable. They're hard to catch, and if he tries to throw them out the crowd hollers."

Captain Haupt thinks the women Yous are easier to handle than their men-folks.

"Women? Sure, we get a lot of 'em in every crowd. They're fine. Say, you never saw a woman lose her head the way men do when the jam starts at the entrance. It's always the men who commence cursing, smashing hats, and pushing. Nowadays the women come to everything, fights and all. Maybe that's one reason why the modern crowd is easier to handle."

Captain Haupt likes the football crowds in comparison to the fight crowds; but the men who deal solely with them don't rate them quite so highly. Harold F. Woodcock, general manager of the Yale Athletic Association, handles the biggest football crowds each season.

IN 1926 he had close to 500,000 enthusiasts pay more than $700,000 to see Yale play Dartmouth, Harvard, the Army, and other teams. This was entirely and distinctly a college crowd, a crowd of college graduates. But, according to Mr. Woodcock, a crowd of this kind makes exactly the same mistakes as any other crowd.

It was just such an afternoon as I saw Tex Rickard that I interviewed Mr. Woodcock in his offices in New Haven, Connecticut. Although it was nine weeks before the first game of the season, tickets for at least two of the big contests were piled upon his desk.

"We must have them ready," he said. "We send out applications to graduates early in September, and some of them reply with checks at once. Others wait until the last moment. A few come into this office the day before the game with a sad story. I remember one man, on his honeymoon, who had forgotten to apply for seats. He pleaded:

"'I've got to have a couple of tickets! I've been promising for a year to take her to this game.'

"Once the blanks come in, we send out the tickets with instructions as to parking cars, how to get to the Bowl, and what entrance the ticket-holder should use. But even with that, even with the signs we post up, the crowd won't go right. We post men with megaphones at every entrance. You'd think half these college graduates couldn't read.

"Yes, we have trouble with the gate-crashers also. I remember once a man actually got into the Harvard-Yale game with nothing but a ten-cent detective badge under his coat. But he couldn't do that now.

"Another man showed up with a writ. He wanted to serve it on some prominent man—even had his seat number. They try to get in as United States marshals, prohibition inspectors, and all sorts of rôles. No, they never get away with it."

Football crowds are queer because they do things no other crowds do. When a baseball game or a fight is over, the crowd leaves. But a football crowd stays to celebrate. The supporters of the winning side pour down upon the field to snake-dance up and down the gridiron, carrying their players away in triumph.

Mr. Woodcock added a new angle on crowds in speaking of this riotous aftermath of a big game:

"The majority of the 80,000 spectators stay half an hour to forty minutes after the end of the game," he said. "But if the score should be a tie the entire structure is emptied in six to ten minutes.

"The actual celebration on the field means a lot of work for us. We always pick up a number of valuables dropped in the excitement: purses, wallets, notebooks, mufflers, cameras, field glasses, empty flasks, rubbers, overshoes, a coat or two, and a few garters.

"The boys take their girls into the celebration nowadays. Years ago they left them in the stands while they threw hats over the winning goal posts. Now they clamber down upon the field and throw their hats in unison."

Just how does a foreign crowd compare to an American crowd? Last spring it was my fortune to see one of the largest crowds on the other side of the Atlantic, the Cup Tie crowd at the Wembley Stadium outside London.

The Cup Tie resembles our World's Series. It is the final round between two teams of the football leagues. Annually the Cup Tie attracts from 120,000 to 130,000 people. Indeed, Wembley is probably the only stadium outside the United States that can hold such a crowd.

I didn't say *seat* such a crowd, because more than half the mob that watches this game of soccer each year does not sit. On the sides,

Keystone photo

English bobbies holding back a crowd at the Wembley Stadium, England, where thousands make the pilgrimage to see the soccer cup finals.

yes; under the covered stands, yes; but these are the higher-priced seats. They sell for a guinea (about five dollars). In the curves of the stadium, exposed to the unkindly elements of an English spring, are packed tightly the standing thousands.

Imagine an American crowd, a World's Series crowd, or a fight crowd, traveling from Pittsburgh to New York and then standing up four or five hours in the bargain!

When the game began, another shock was coming to me. It was the middle of the first half. Neither side had scored. Then one team took the ball down the field. From one man to another and then back again, they raced toward the opposing goal, dodging each defender until at last only the goalkeeper remained.

The cries from the stands urged on the figure dribbling the ball with his feet; equally hoarse shouts besought the man beneath the posts to stop it. Waiting until the last minute, the forward shot it accurately and quickly to a corner of the goal.

The big goal keeper suddenly left his feet with a desperate lunge. For a second his whole body was parallel to the ground, as with outstretched arms he knocked the ball aside.

P. & A. photo

Part of the disappointing crowd that gathered at Shelby, Montana, to see the Jack Dempsey–Tom Gibbons fight in 1923.

IT was a marvelous, an astonishing piece of quick thinking and quick acting. But then came the most surprising thing of all. No cheering, no shouting, no yelling; but 120,000 people clapping their hands at once! It sounded like Niagara from afar.

Where an American crowd—the defending side at any rate—would have gone wild with joy, jumped up shrieking and yelling and smashing the hats of the men in front, this crowd clapped! Supporters and opponents, they just clapped.

Perhaps you will understand the difference if you have ever watched one of Babe Ruth's prospective homers unexpectedly pulled down by a fielder in deep center, and heard that full-throated roar of the American baseball crowd.

Besides being quieter, an English crowd is more patient. No American crowd would stand in the rain for hours, the way this one did. On the other hand, an American crowd is far more responsive, more interested in the game, than an English crowd.

During the recent matches for the Wightman Cup between a team of English women tennis players and an American team, Mrs. Mallory, nine times singles champion of this country, was playing a twenty-year-old British girl named Joan Fry.

After being practically beaten, with the score a set and five games to one against her, the visitor began to pick up. Soon the score was five games all.

And then, before the largest crowd that ever watched a match of woman's tennis in this country, there ensued one of the most remarkable stands ever witnessed in any sport. At six-five Miss Fry twice had set point and lost each time. At seven-six Mrs. Mallory had match point and overdrove the side line by inches.

The crowd, in turn interested, aroused, excited, and then enthusiastic, now became uncontrolled. When Miss Fry again reached set point in the seventeenth game of this apparently endless set, the tenseness became unendurable. Right in the middle of the rallies, with both of the tired players straining every muscle to win the point, the nerves of some woman in the gallery gave way, and she screamed.

The umpire raised a warning hand. But it was impossible to keep still. So remarkable were the rapid exchanges, so thrilling the recoveries of both players, that the applause would ripple, grow, and then burst out spontaneously.

When Mrs. Mallory took the last drive to win the match, and sank a minute later exhausted into a chair at the side, the spectators were as limp and weary and jaded as she was. That is a typical American crowd. It enters into matches and supports its favorites as no foreign crowd could ever do.

Yet another difference can be found in the fact that an American crowd, unlike an English crowd, is an eating one. The English crowd never chews gum. Dogs are an unknown symbol except to describe an animal with four legs. Peanuts, pop corn, soft drinks, sandwiches —no English crowd uses them as we do. And no American crowd is complete or happy without them. Harry Stevens explained this to me.

Who is Harry Stevens? Today he is a white-haired man sitting in an office on lower Fifth Avenue, New York. Thirty years ago he was a young man just over from Ireland looking for a job. His was the idea of selling peanuts at ball games, and eventually he received the concession at the Polo Grounds.

There he has been ever since, watching his idea grow until every ball park in the country has its side line of eats. Ever go to a game and hear the familiar cry:

"Red-hot — they're five a bag!"

Here's what Harry Stevens says about crowds:

"Give a crowd something to eat and you keep 'em happy. And a good-natured crowd never starts a row. Your big ball crowd is a good-natured crowd today because they're eating all through the game. They may shout at the umpire and razz a player, but they don't mean anything. You rarely, if ever, hear a ball crowd yelling for blood, like a fight crowd."

Yet the more you talk with crowd specialists the more you realize that crowds are crowds, whether they are a bunch of college graduates or a mob pouring into the Garden in New York for the last day of a six-day bike race.

The cheer that bursts out when the half back leaps into the air to capture a forward pass and dodge, twist, and squirm his way toward the opposing goal, that full-throated roar which brings the entire stadium to its feet, is exactly the same roar which greets the champion when with hooks and jabs he works his adversary across the ring, preparatory to swinging on him for the last great punch of all. Crowds vary little from month to month, from season to season, from year to year, except as to their magnitude.

"CROWDS," says Tex Rickard, "are limited in the future only by the capacity of arenas."

They may come bigger—they will never come differently. Don't let them tell you that our crowds are more sportsmanlike than those across the water. I've seen a French Olympic crowd hiss an American merely for winning a 100-meter race. But I've seen an American fight crowd hiss a plucky French boxer. I've also seen a tennis gallery in this country boo Helen Wills for appearing twenty minutes late.

No; crowds are crowds, no matter what land you're in. And the next time you find yourself in a crowd, and as you gaze at that stupendous sea of faces above, below, and all about you, remember one thing:

The crowd is just 100,000 Yous!

THE END

Don't miss the incredible story of the unknown American who amazed the fighting forces of the world gathered on the Western Front. It begins soon.

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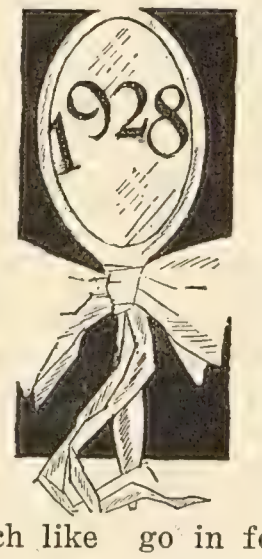
The New Year Beauty Calendar

By EILEEN BOURNE



LAST week we showed you some examples of feminine individuality. Now we are going to ask you to include in your New Year resolutions the cultivation of a personality and manner absolutely individual to *you*.

Especially since Paul Poiret, the French couturier, has been over here, we are all inspired to strive for greater distinction. For, although he admires American women, he thinks they are as much like one another as cookies.

Naturally Poiret emphasizes solely the need of a personal style of dress. But that's only part of the job. To make the most of all one's assets—from coiffure to shoes and from mental attitude to the voice—is the true range of our possibilities for improvement.

The first step is to take complete stock of oneself. Stand in front of a long mirror and get information. Try to hear your own voice and judge its quality. Answer these questions: Am I fussing and worrying my peace of mind away? Am I lazy and self-indulgent? Am I indifferent to my health and looks? Am I blind to my external shortcomings, and so disorganized that I find no time for improvement? Only ruthless honesty will serve.

As a matter of fact, nothing is so amusing as to make oneself over. Of course, it's unbearable for someone else to try to do this for you, but to see the results of your own efforts becomes a most diverting game.

With a vision of what ought to be done and the will power to do it, any woman can make herself into a distinctive and attractive personality. Didn't Gloria Swanson change from being a mere "clotheshorse" to the most individually and perfectly dressed actress on the screen?

Each one of us has a different problem. I have one friend who looked like an old-time chorus girl until she became skilled in the use of cosmetics.

Another transformed herself from a plain woman to a near beauty by ceasing to wear tan suits, and always wearing some touch of deep blue which brought out the shade of her eyes and the gold lights in her chestnut hair.

Still a third friend made herself over from a roly-poly middle-aged person to a *svelte* young creature by leaving off potatoes and cream from her menu for six months. We all know the woman who has become chic overnight by substituting a crisp bob for the awkward lump of hair she didn't know how to twist.

Some people are naturally fluffy types and should go in for restraint in dress and manner. Others need the softening influence of graceful clothes and dangling earrings. A famous singer was recently impelled by the comments of her manager to suppress her passion for bangles and beads. The manager told me that the improvement in her appearance was startling.

A magazine writer of prominence, whose unusual beauty is of the Castilian type, makes a point of dressing in flowing frocks of black or white, of carrying large scarlet fans, and of cultivating a deliberate tempo of movement and speech.

When, in moments of forgetfulness, she jerks quickly about and fires a rapid volley of words, she loses every claim to distinction.

STUDY your type! If your hands are lovely, learn to use them well in gesture and pose. If your feet are large, wear well fitted plain shoes. Spend time trying which coiffure is really best for you.

The fun of it is that when once you become conscious of all these little ways to improve your charm, you receive hints from every quarter and at all times.

One day it will dawn on you that to keep the feet close together effects the best standing posture. The next you'll discover which shade of lip stick is the most becoming and natural.

Suddenly you'll find that with a little care you can produce a lovely speaking tone, and then you'll never be satisfied with sloppy speech and nasal voice production.

Stop, Look, and Listen! Let 1928 mark a great gain in the individuality of the American woman!

THE END

The story of the life, exploits, and death of "the bravest flier of them all"— one of the great American sagas of the World War, begins soon in LIBERTY.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Holiday Bells

The Morses' Christmas Aftermath

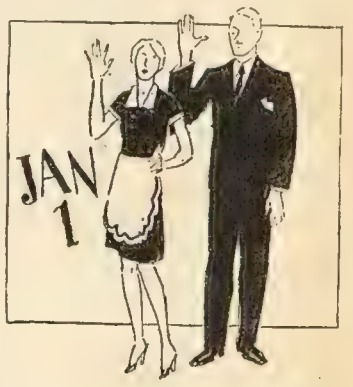
A Chapter of Laughs in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

CREAK-CREAK-CREAK!

The shrunken green rep curtains parted for the annual holiday-week entertainment in the Morses' church. And as Junior Morse was taking a shepherd's rôle, with an absorbent cotton beard hitched to his chin with adhesive tape, his entire family graced the front row. The Guild Room was overheated as always, and there was the usual flaunting of wild Christmas scarfs and brilliant neckwear, and a loud broadcasting of holiday gift news:



"I'll have to change those silver slippers Pop gave me. They're too small," Ma was whispering to Lil. She pinched her far-sighted glasses on her nose to get a good view of her tied-in-the-middle bed pillows which Junior was tending as sheep. "And I'll have trouble, because he got them at Flynn's December sale last week."

Four shepherds were now singing a song composed by the church soprano. The audience couldn't figure whether it was written in four parts or whether its discords resulted from the singers never agreeing upon any one note. But they clapped just the same, rather praying for no encore.

"I got three pairs of mules this year," Pop confided to his niece, Jane Brown. "And only five pairs of arm garters—all purple."

"I'm going to exchange the pearls Sandy gave me," Lil told Ma during the intermission. "I want a string with richer colorings."

But gifts to be exchanged weren't worrying Sandy. As Property Man, he had worse troubles. Perched upon a ladder, he was dropping artificial snow down outside a stage-set window. The spectators could see part of the ladder and one of his legs.

Doughnuts and coffee followed the entertainment, and by 10 o'clock all the parishioners had gone home, calling out holiday greetings as they left the refreshment committee to wash the dishes. Mrs. Morse and Lil were on this committee. Ma's back ached, and Lil thought her arches must be falling. The committee's tired holiday spirits were at low ebb.

It was then that the minister waxed seasonably poetic:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow!"

He paused suddenly on the "snow," having momentary stage fright, and was relieved to have Mr. Morse come to the rescue. Striding up to the little red-carpeted platform like a summoned herald of old, Pop handed his dominie one of his New Year business calendars.

"Resolutions! Resolutions!" Lil called gayly, handing Sandy another doughnut dish to wipe.

"Where's the revolution?" her deaf Aunt Violet asked.

Lil didn't bother to answer.

"I resolve to come to prayer meeting every Wednesday," Mrs. Morse announced. "And bring Mr. Morse with me!" she added.

"I resolve to give up smoking," her husband said. This didn't cut any ice with Ma, because he always made this resolution, sticking to it until January second.

"I resolve to hide my lip sticks—where I can find them," Lil told Sandy; "and that we get a car and chauffeur."

"How nice!"—Sandy grinned. "Well, I resolve to work for you like a dog all year—day and night shifts!"

"You're the sweetest thing," his wife whispered.

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He Was No Sissy!

When Bobby, aged five, returned from an errand, he remarked to his mother:

"I almost had a fight with a boy. He came along beside me and said, 'Hello, Sissy!'"

"What did you do?" asked Mother.

"Well," replied Bobby, "I was going to hit him; but he was so big that I just whistled."—Mrs. J. P. Nourse, 345 First Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Pride Knoweth No Pain

Jeanne, four and a half, had coaxed her mother to let her wear three-quarter-length hose, although it was rather early in the spring. The air was chilly, and, noticing Jeanne shiver, her mother asked if she were cold.

Jeanne's teeth chattered as she answered:

"Yes"—and then hastily added: "all but my knees!"—Alice B. Kraus, 379 Worron Court, Akron, Ohio.

The fun I am going to have with my baby!

See *What* I Got!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 3 minutes.)

DEAR WORLD:

Oh-O-O-O-O! Oh-O-O-O-O-O! Oh-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!

He CAME! He DID! He came while I was asleep and I didn't see him or hear him! He must have got away just the way I dreamed he would. Just when I was putting out my hands to catch him by the coat tails, he fled.

It was all on account of one eye that I didn't see him. It wouldn't stay open long enough. And the other one I rubbed so hard trying to keep it awake, it wasn't much good for seeing out of, either. And so Santa got away without my being able to ask him if he wouldn't please leave a present for Mommy and Daddy.

But, isn't it funny? He left them presents anyway. How can he know everything, the way he does? Not one body around the house did he forget. He even brought the candy for my doll Janey I asked him for in my letter to him. You remember, I told him that it would be better for me to have the pain from eating too much candy than for Janey to have it; but he left a little note to tell me that if I would only eat half and let Janey have the other half, perhaps neither of us would have any pains.

I'm so excited I hardly know where to begin to tell about all the things that have happened since yesterday. But when I went to bed last night there was a tree standing in the hall with nothing on it. And when I got up this morning at 6 o'clock there was the beau-ti-fullest tree in the living room, not a bit like the one last night, except it was the same height.

First I was so 'fraid I wasn't up. If I really were up perhaps there wouldn't be any tree. It was almost too beau-ti-ful to be true.

I just stood and stood, and I couldn't say anything but Oh-O-O-O-O! Until Mommy said:

"Look what Santa Claus did to your tree, Toni. He dressed it all up for you. Do you like it?"

I like it? Oh-O-O-O! Oh-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O! "Did he take the 'nother one away?" I asked her, when I finally got my breath.

"No; he took the one that was there and carried it into this room and put everything on it before he ran across to Cissie's house to fix up hers before she awoke."

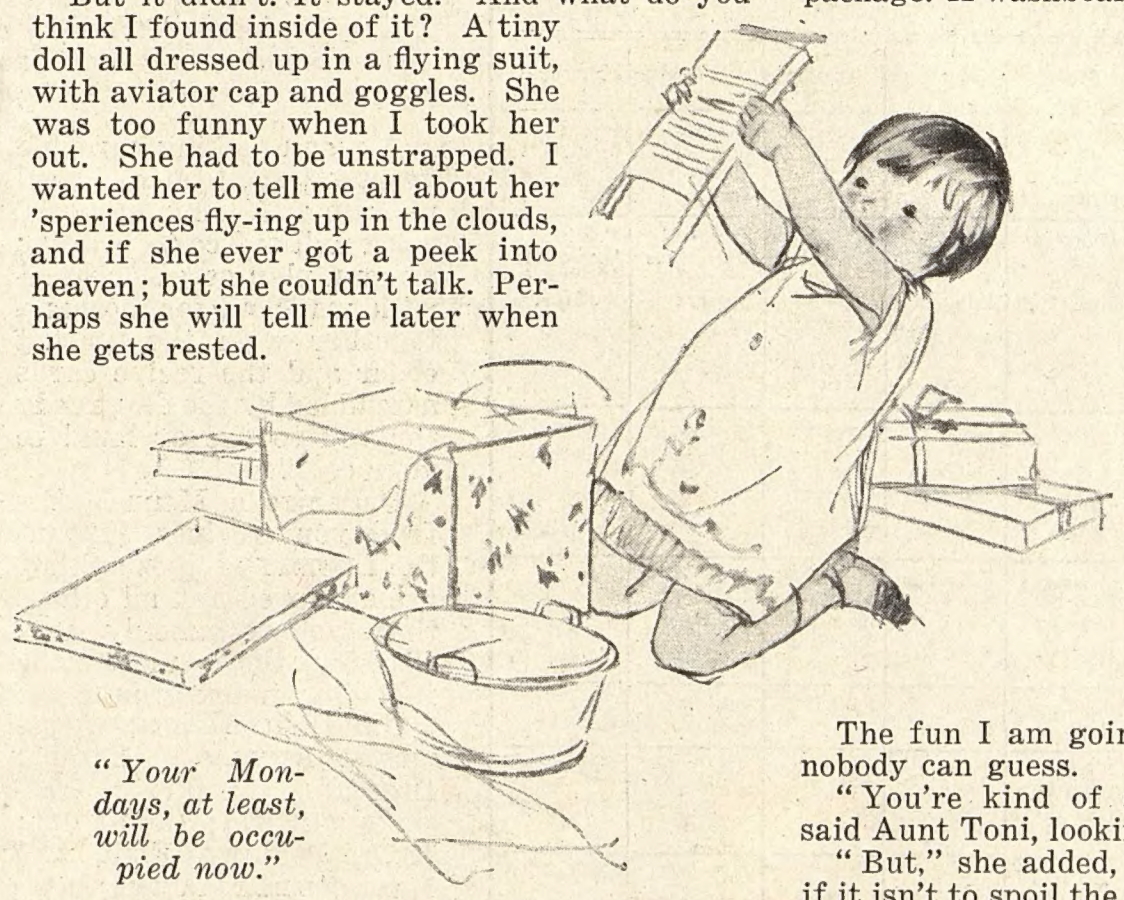
The trees when they have snow on I like. But a tree with snow, and stars lit up just like they are in the sky, and with big gold and silver balls, and red and blue—well, I guess only Santa Claus' garden could grow trees like that in it!

The tiny lights playing hide and seek in and out of the branches! And little umbrellas, blue, red, yellow, and green, to keep the rain off! And canes hanging ready in case a limb went lame with its heavy load. Santa thinks of everything—even for his tree.

I rubbed my eyes hard when I saw what I thought was an airplane on the highest top of the tree.

"It will fly away!" I cried.

But it didn't. It stayed. And what do you think I found inside of it? A tiny doll all dressed up in a flying suit, with aviator cap and goggles. She was too funny when I took her out. She had to be unstrapped. I wanted her to tell me all about her 'speriences fly-ing up in the clouds, and if she ever got a peek into heaven; but she couldn't talk. Perhaps she will tell me later when she gets rested.



"Your Mondays, at least, will be occupied now."

On one of the boughs of the tree Santa left me a picture of himself sitting in a sleigh, driving his reindeers.

"You had better save that photograph," Daddy said, "because next year he may be using an airplane himself. I should think he would, since it can go so fast."

"Robert said that was the way he was coming this year," I told Daddy. "His father told him Santa would land on a fire escape and he would leave the window open there."

"Let's see what's in your stocking," said Daddy.

The stocking Daddy meant wasn't one I wear. It was a stocking so big and so full, all the stockings I own wouldn't hold as much. There were oranges and apples and nuts and raisins, candy and cookies, and pop corn in a box.

AROUND the bottom of the tree I found a mirror with all kinds of little figures, like a parade. I suppose it was a Christmas parade, as all holidays must have parades, mustn't they?

And there were baskets on the tree filled with candy of all shapes and colors, some of them looking like small birds' eggs. I guess I will have enough candy for ever and ever.

Oh-O-O-O-O! And the packages! They let me open them all by myself, which was almost as much fun as seeing what was inside of them. There was one so big I could not undo it without help. But when the wrappings came off, there was a bed with a baby doll in it, and the bed was made up just as though for a real baby. And a wardrobe trunk came with it, in which are almost as many clothes as I have in my closet.

So now I have a baby of my own, which is what I did suggest to Santa to bring me, but Mom was afraid he might not be able to get it.

I guess she was right, though, when she said it was best to leave it to Santa's good judgment to choose gifts, because my judgment wouldn't have been good enough to think of the wash-day set that came in still another package. A washboard and a tub, a cake of soap, clothespins, and a line to hang the clothes up on!

"Your Mondays, at least, will be occupied now," said Mom, undoing the package. "Maybe we car find something for Tuesdays down here, too."

And, sure enough, there was a little ironing board and an iron with a handle just the right size for my hand.

"Wednesdays," she said, "you can take the doll out in this new carriage."

And there was a carriage to replace the one that lost its handles in a wreck not long ago.

The fun I am going to have with my baby nobody can guess.

"You're kind of a spoiled little darling," said Aunt Toni, looking my presents over.

"But," she added, "what is Christmas for, if it isn't to spoil the ones you love?"

Well, you won't hear from me again until next year. Sounds like a long, long time, don't it? But it's only next week.

Just one of many unknown Americans, he promised himself greatness and became the most daring flier the World War produced. Watch for his life story in LIBERTY.

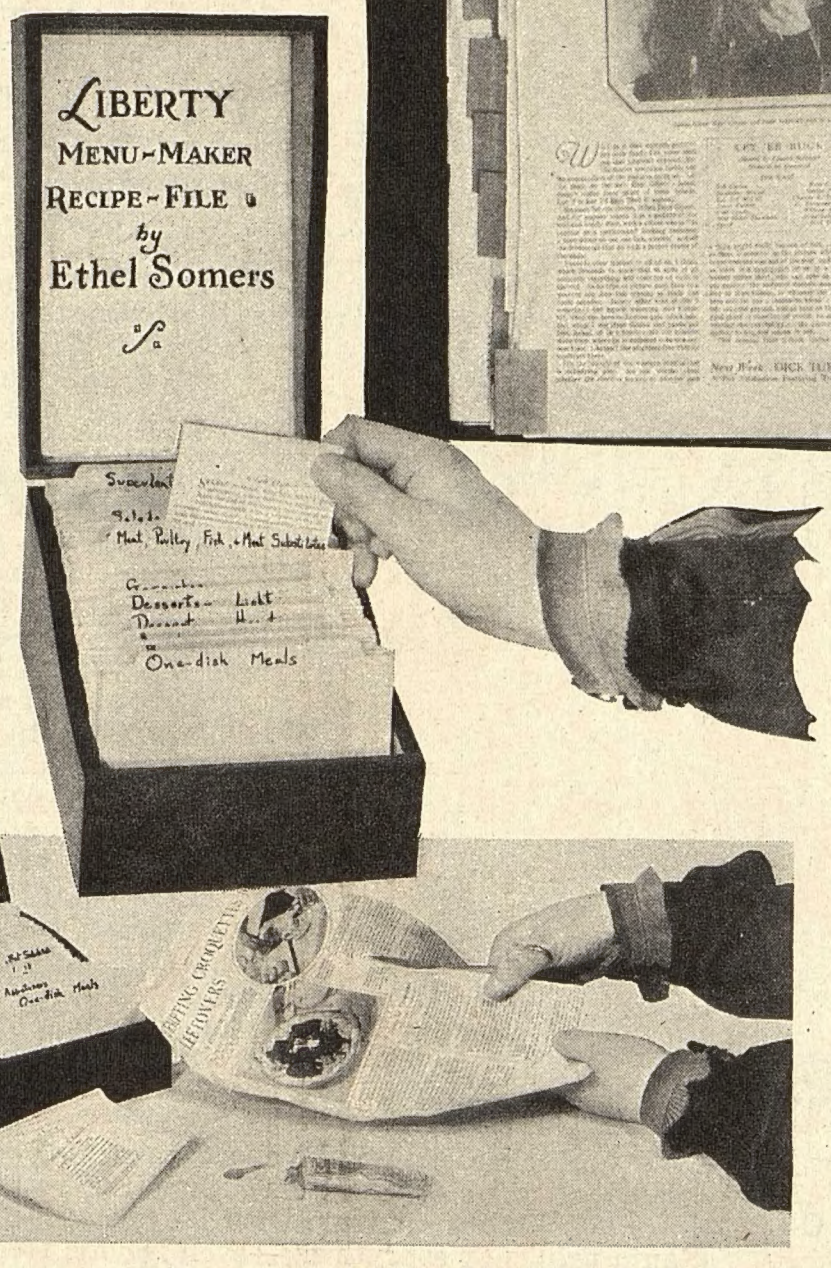
The Mechanical Menu-Maker

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE inevitable question, "What shall we have for dinner?" is a daily bugbear in many households. Unless you give it intelligent consideration you are apt to fall into a tiresome humdrum rut of repeatedly serving the same old stand-bys. Last-minute planning necessitates the purchase of more expensive cuts of meat because of their quicker cooking qualities. Assembling a meal hurriedly from whatever foods are on hand limits variety and most certainly leaves little opportunity for planning a balanced menu.

What *shall* we have? Yes, with 365 days ahead of us. Aye, there is the rub! Our meals should consist of a balanced series of foodstuffs to meet the many and varied body needs. They must accommodate the children as well as the adults. They may need to be sufficient to satisfy the hearty outdoor worker or gratify the more finicky sedentary worker. Where appetite prejudices are irrational, the foods must be so disguised as to overcome the perversions.

Planning the family menus may be an involved task, yet it is one worthy of an adequate solution. For this reason much space is devoted to its consideration on LIBERTY'S Food Page. Many housewives are finding these articles more valuable when filed as pictured above.



IF you are interested in the article and pictures too, file the page intact in a LIBERTY folder.

TO use the Menu-Maker, draw out the first recipe card in the meat group, and then select the accompanying menu items from the other groups. LIBERTY recipes are ideal for card mounting because they are always on one side of the page.

A menu-making card file greatly facilitates meal planning. A few minutes' work will suffice to produce a menu plan as given herewith, made out for the week, together with the market order and the recipe cards assembled by the day, ready for you to use or hand to your cook.

Organize a Menu-Maker from your recipes. Mount the LIBERTY recipes as they are approved and all others that you commonly use. Classify these under the following index groupings: ONE-DISH MEALS; APPETIZERS; BEVERAGES; BREADS; DESSERTS (HEARTY); DESSERTS (LIGHT); GARNISHES; MEAT, POULTRY, FISH, AND MEAT SUBSTITUTES; RELISHES; SALADS (HEARTY); SALADS (LIGHT); SOUPS (HEARTY); SOUPS (LIGHT); STARCHY VEGETABLES; SUCCULENT VEGETABLES; SEASONAL RECIPES (SPRING); SEASONAL RECIPES (SUMMER); SEASONAL RECIPES (FALL).

Place the index cards in the file box. Classify the recipes and put them back of their proper index card. Now arrange the cards in every group in the order you might serve them. For example: Under MEATS and MEAT SUBSTITUTES arrange a fish recipe card every seventh one. An occasional Saturday's baked beans should follow a fish card; Sunday's customary roast or fowl every seventh card or the second card following the fish recipe. File all winter or seasonal recipes in the active file. File the other seasonal recipes under SPRING, SUMMER, and FALL in the back of the file for later refiling into the active section.

We shall now see how the Menu-Maker is put to work. Select the first card under the index heading MEAT, POULTRY, FISH, AND MEAT SUBSTITUTES. If, for any reason, this recipe is not desirable, take the next recipe card or even the next. Then, in like manner, select a starchy vegetable to accompany the meat dish you have chosen. Next pick out one or two succulent vegetables and a salad; likewise a breadstuff. Lastly, choose a dessert.

Elaborate the menu as much as desired with recipes from the other groups. For example, add a soup, an appetizer, a garnish, relish, or beverage. For extremely busy days choose from the ONE-DISH MEAL group at the front of the file. Group the selected cards together and file in a menu book under Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, according to the selection made. After the recipes have been used, return them to the Menu-Maker, placing them at the *back* of their respective groups.

Having just rounded out a year of meal scheduling by this method, we highly recommend it.

Dinner Menu Chart for Week Beginning December 30, 1927

(Made with the aid of the Mechanical Menu-Maker)

	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday
Meat or Meat Substitute	Broiled Fish	Liver and Bacon or Braised Heart	Roast Veal Shoulder or Breast	Lamb Stew	Baked Ham Slice	Roasted Beef Loaf Potato Stuffed	Baked Pork Tenderloin
Starchy Vegetable	Savory Rice	Scalloped Corn with Pimento in Casserole or in Green Pepper Cases	Baked Potato on Half Shell	Dumplings	Potato Croquettes or Creamed Spaghetti	Pan-Fried Mushrooms or Fried Bananas	Potatoes Cooked in Milk with the Meat
One or Two Succulent Vegetables	Creamed String Beans or Fried Parsnips	Fried Apple Slices or Carrot-Turnip Border	Spinach with Egg	Buttered Carrots or Scalloped Tomatoes	Buttered or Au Gratin Cabbage or Mashed Turnips	Mashed Squash	Scalloped Onions
Salad	Dressed Lettuce and Banana	Waldorf Salad	Asparagus, French Dressing	Perfection Salad	Pineapple, Mayonnaise, and Green Pepper	Head Lettuce, Thousand Island Dressing	Coleslaw
Soup	Cream of Tomato	Vegetable Soup	Bouillon	Cream of Spinach	Split Pea	Shadow Soup	Corn Chowder
Bread	Bran Muffins	Popovers or Nut Bread	Whole-Wheat-Date Muffins	Dumplings	Cinnamon Rolls	Hot Biscuits	Gingerbread
Appetizer			Tomato				Grape Jelly
Beverage		Milk or Cocoa	Coffee		Coffee	Tea	
Garnishes or Relishes	Radishes			Currant Jelly, Parsley		Apple Jelly	Apple Sauce
Dessert	Lemon Cream Pie	Cottage Pudding with Orange Sauce	Maple Mousse	Prune Whip	Caramel Custard	Washington Pie	Apple Dumpling, Hard Sauce

IF it's hard to think of what to prepare for meals—here's the solution. Send the coupon and 25¢ for LIBERTY'S three recipe books—or 10¢ for any *one*.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
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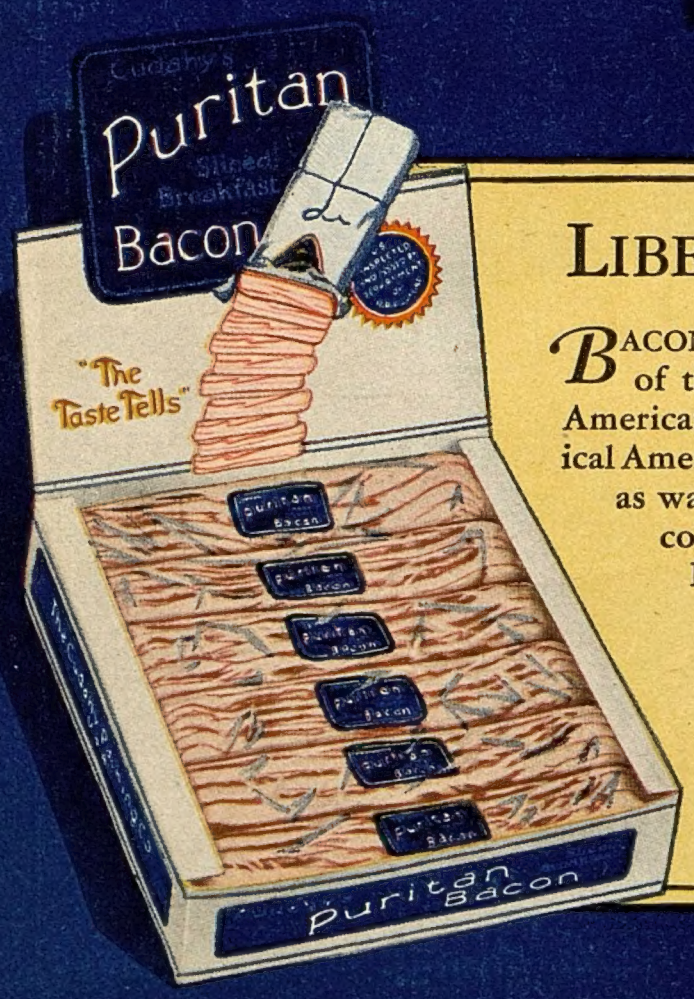
12-31-27

The Germans offered him honorable surrender, but he chose to shoot it out with an automatic in each hand. His thrilling story will begin soon in LIBERTY.

Cudahy's

Puritan Bacon



LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing BRINGS HOME THE BACON FOR CUDAHY

BACON—food of the connoisseur—delight of the epicurean palate—king of the American breakfast table! To show the critical American taste that here is bacon exactly as wanted, Cudahy uses LIBERTY'S four-color printing. It pictures Cudahy Bacon so real, so appetizing, that you are tempted to tear it from the page and shout for skillet and live coals!

Cudahy products regularly appease appetites at the family tables of hosts of LIBERTY readers—as a result of LIBERTY'S four-color printing. For LIBERTY is used *exclusively* to advertise Cudahy Bacon, Ham and Puritan Lard.

For this reprint, the advertiser's original plates from a recent Cudahy ad in LIBERTY were used. The paper is identical. LIBERTY uses *58-pound cover stock* for all four-color advertising—11 pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses. Paper does make a difference. *Compare the printing!*

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Chesterfield
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The Season's Best
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.